



No. 44.—VOL. IV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1893.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.

THE GENTLEMAN BOOKBINDER.

TEN MINUTES WITH MR. COBDEN-SANDERSON.

A little man, with a delicate, narrow face—which looks as if it had come out of a stained-glass window, or an altar-piece by Van Dyck—a pale face, with a pointed auburn beard and sad, observant eyes; fluent speech, setting forth very original ideas, couched in an excellent choice of words—this is Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, the gentleman bookbinder, a man who gives you the idea of being an odd volume in a rare edition, in the midst of an unconscionably rough and clumsy world.

I find the great craftsman in his work-room, in what he calls his Bindery, seated at a table opposite a window which looks on to the sunlit river. The room is severely plain, containing little furniture besides some shelves for books and some rows of wooden pigeon-holes for tools. The Doves Bindery is situated on the Upper Mall at Hammersmith, and it is here all the work is done, with the exception of the business arrangements, which are carried on through an agent in Piccadilly.

"And what made you take to bookbinding, Mr. Sanderson? Did you take to it directly you left college?"

"No; not at once. I was called to the Bar. I left Cambridge with my mind in a ferment, stirred chiefly by Carlyle. I felt that the world was all wrong, and that I was the worst part of it. I went to the Bar chiefly because it gave me an answer for those people who were always asking me what I was going to do. 'I'm at the Bar' made an easy reply. But I felt that all knowledge availed me little, and that there was immense solace in manual labour, and I desired to do something with my hands. Work is the only consolation of life, the only thing which can reconcile a person for having been born an artisan instead of a king. So I left the Bar, and learnt my craft at Mr. de Coverley's. I was there six months. I went every day, and worked from nine o'clock to seven."

"And did you wear an apron like the other workmen?"

"Oh, yes; of course. An apron is nice. One seems to get in touch with one's work better when one is wearing the badge of one's craft."

"And were you unhappy? I suppose there was no company for you. I suppose the other workmen were all common?"

"Nobody is common," says the Bookbinder. "I never use that word. I have often found poor people very refined, and I have seen many high-class people who were very vulgar."

"Ah, you are a Socialist!" I exclaim. "Was that what made you want to learn a trade? Did you work for money at first, or did you begin as an amateur and become professional by degrees?"

"I got paid for everything I did from the first, and I always got good prices. The little green 'Keats' at the Arts and Crafts only cost about a guinea, but there are books in that case up to twenty guineas."

"Do tell me one thing, Mr. Sanderson. Is it true that it sometimes takes you a year to bind a book?"

"No; I have never been a year binding a book; but it has sometimes taken me two years to think of one. But, seriously, bookbinding cannot be done in haste. My friends wait with extraordinary patience until the work is done."

"And you worked by yourself at first?"

"For eight years entirely alone, except that my wife used to sew the backs. All the books of that period are signed with my initials. But, now I am working with others, the books are signed with the name of the Bindery. I am glad for the individual to be lost in the work. There is more to do now, so I merely design and direct, but we all take an equal interest in the work."

"How many workers have you, Mr. Sanderson?"

"Four besides myself. A 'forwarder,' a 'finisher,' a girl to sew the leaves, and what you would call a gentleman apprentice."

"The one who opened the door to me? A nice-looking young man, in a long white apron with a bib?"

"The same. His name is Douglas Cockerell; he is the brother of the Secretary of the Arts and Crafts. Look at this copy of my article on book-binding from the *English Illustrated Magazine*: my apprentice bound it for me for a present. I like each worker to get the credit of his share of the work, as you will see in the Arts and Crafts catalogue."

I look at page 67 of the catalogue, and there I find the following inscription: "Case of Books, bound by the Doves Bindery. To wit: designed by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, finished by Charles M'Leish, forwarded by Charles Wilkinson, sewn by Bessie Hooley, clasps by Douglas B. Cockerell."

"Now, do talk to me about the craft in which you find so much consolation. What kind of ornament do you prefer? Do you like it rather eccentric?"

"I like it very plain. I dislike anything eccentric. The first thing is that the book must be bound, and if ornament suggest itself, well and good. But the question also arises as to whether the book is worth binding. I don't think that a person ought to come to the binder and just say to him, 'Bind that book for so much money.' I think the binder ought to say, 'Is the book worth binding?' and that if it were not he ought to refuse."

"Have you ever refused to bind a book?"

"I have never had one offered me that I did not think ought to be bound. It is very important that books should be bound well. Just as we build palaces for our nobles and temples for our gods, so ought we to build fitting shrines for the thoughts of great men. Of course,



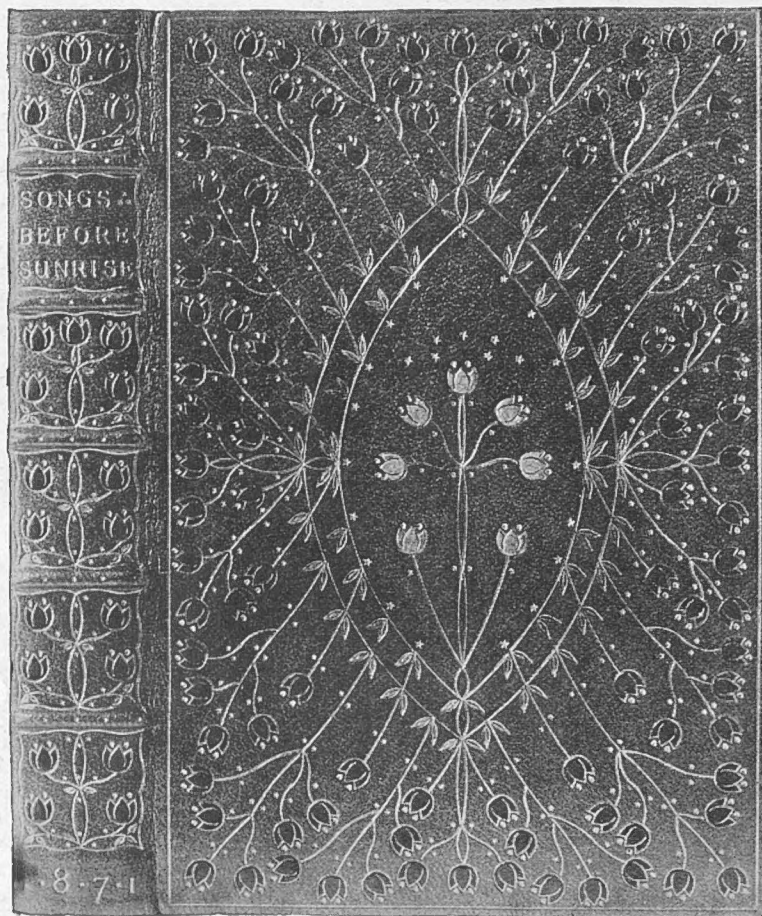
Photo by the Cameron Studio, Mortimer Street, W.

MR. T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON.

palaces are built for some who are unworthy of them. It is a pity that when a man goes to a builder and asks him to build him a palace that builder cannot say, 'I cannot build you a palace. You ought to live in a hut.' I have never bound a book I thought unworthy of binding. But I should like to see paper and print improved. Very little care is taken about printing; the only effort at reform in that direction is to have a great deal of margin, which looks silly. I daresay you may think binding is light work; but I assure you that everything I have ever learnt or felt—all my thought and all my culture—goes into the bindings of my books."

At this point I entreat to be allowed to see one of these bindings, and the craftsman produces one with tender pride, first laying a soft cloth upon the table, just as a jeweller exhibits his jewels. The book is the "Lyra Innocentium," bound in morocco of an exquisite shade of blue, the back patterned with tiny shamrocks raised in green and gold, and looking like so many jewels. A white flower blooms at each corner of the back cover, raised on a square background of gold and green. The interior of the book is exquisitely neat, and there is a little border like a frieze inside the cover. And here are placed the initials of the binder, who has reason to feel proud of his work.

It is not difficult to lure the craftsman into talk concerning the technical part of the work, and he shows me the tools with which the pattern is designed as well as traced—brass gouges of different shapes in wooden handles. The end of the tool is in the shape of a flower or



A SPECIMEN OF MR. COBDEN-SANDERSON'S WORK.

Reproduced by kind permission from "The Studio."

leaf, or other conventional form, something like the end of a seal, and the designer takes one tool or another, blackens it in the flame of a lamp, and then commences to trace the pattern almost blindly on a piece of paper of the same size as the coming cover. He draws an oval in the centre, edging it with lily bells, and then takes another tool, and punches leafy sprays in the four corners, altering and adding as he goes on. The workman has now to place this piece of paper on the morocco cover, and go over it with the same tools, slightly heated, till the pattern is traced underneath. The leather is then covered with a wash made from white of egg, and the gold leaf laid on the top.

The bits of gold not needed in the design have now to be rubbed off with a rag, and if the worker is not very careful the pattern comes off as well. All this the master very courteously explains while we make the tour of the establishment, and I see the cheerful young work-woman sewing the leaves on to five little strips of leather which go across the back of the book, also the gentleman 'prentice, in his shirt-sleeves and apron, busy over his book clasps, and another worker fitting an ancient book into a wooden binding of mediæval appearance.

Mr. Cobden-Sanderson tells me that he uses fewer tools than any other bookbinder. He prefers the more elemental tools, because they combine the best. And now we leave the workshop and pass through the little green garden, and look at the river floating by at the end of it—the ever-changing river, which has its own life and its own moods, and which is gay with sails like white butterflies' wings. I bid farewell to the craftsman, so happy with his strangely chosen work, and leave the house on the quaint old Mall, and return to the busy world.

L. H. A.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Last week there were five productions to be dealt with; this time one can find but the transfer of a farce and a new German Reed programme as food for notes, and certainly no story of the play. The German Reeds are in a curious position. The gravest of the dramatic critics go to their entertainments, though well aware that it is a mere make-believe theatre, and all the productions are criticised seriously, and yet, without saying so, every writer allows a discount for the circumstances. One has to be discreet, since St. George's Hall is the half-way house to real theatres, and even music-hell-dom—to offer a term to the gentlemen with enthusiasm and soiled white neck-ties who descant in the parks on the wickedness of pleasure.

You may vow you will never go inside a theatre, and yet, like a worthy Australian uncle of mine, patronise Langham Place and the Crystal Palace pantomime, and pay eighteenpence for *lorgnettes* that enable you to see through a glass darkly the candid forms of the young ladies who figure in the ballets of the colossal hot-house. These almost irrelevant remarks are an introduction to Mr. Corney Grain's new sketch, "By Road and Rail," which is preceded by "An Odd Pair," whose pleasant humour is certainly a feather in the glengarry of Mr. Malcolm Watson. Mr. Grain's title embraces many matters, and in one respect seems curiously ill-applied, since, alas, one cannot get to the "Continong" by road or rail, and yet he takes us there. When we reach the land of "*les petits chevaux*," and the big cathedrals, it is to find "Mrs. Grundy" Grain indignant about the bathing of the sexes together—a system which, I fancy, is based on distrust and a determination on either side to see that the other really goes into the water.

Mrs. Grundy also grumbles about the cooking, which, though over-rated, is ambrosial if compared with the food at English seaside hotels, and the coffee, which is really as big a fraud as the French politeness. The admirable entertainer gets back safe across La Manche, and, despite the efforts of Bradshaw, which, like my handwriting, is intended to conceal what it pretends to express, he gets to "Dismal-Dumps-by-the-Sea," a place whose celebrated "ozone" acquires its peculiar properties and vices from the flourishing cemetery of the locality. Given a system of cremation, and Dismal Dumps would lose its ozone, its unique death-rate, its lodgers, and its capacity for enduring crushing rates for ridiculous local improvements.

However, I must not talk disproportionately about the really amusing sketch, though I should like to borrow some of Mr. Grain's jests about the direful "Daisy," and his French version, "Marguerite." The third item in the bill, "The Ugly Duckling," shows very pleasantly Mr. Grain's gifts as author and composer. The new edition of Hans Andersen has nothing to do with the matter, which is really a gloss on the phrase "Gold is refined by fire, and dross destroyed." It is a pretty little piece, in which the author plays with success, and is well aided by Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Gertrude Chandler, and Messrs. Avalon Collard and Helmore.

There are plenty of people who pretend that the actor's gift for literature is restricted to impertinent gagging; they will have a chance of confirming or disaffirming their views very soon, for that bright weekly, the *Pelican*, has given up its Christmas number to members of the profession. Nineteen of them are to write tales or articles—a score, if Mr. George Edwardes may be called an actor. Among them you will find Mr. Arthur Roberts, whose gags really are jests. There is also Miss Susan Wickett—descendant, perhaps, of the celebrated "Tippete-wickett"—who used to be known to us as Sylvia Grey; if she be as nimble with her pen as with her feet, what a tale it will be! Mrs. Langtry is to contribute, Miss Florence St. John, Miss Violet Cameron, and many other joys of our generation.

No doubt, you have seen "The Other Fellow" at the Court Theatre; if not, you never will; but you can find it at the Strand, and none the worse for the move—a rare case, since, as a rule, plays lose a good deal in being carted from theatre to theatre. This time most of the company have stuck to the ship. The chief officers remain: Mr. Charles Groves, the real Champignol, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, the unhappy aristocrat, who takes his place and his stripes. Nothing can be happier than the contrast between the rich, boisterous humour of "the uncle from Sheffield" and the dry, almost querulous style of Mr. Weedon. Miss Mabel Love has joined the company. It is rather a pity, since she is not likely ever to reach so high a rank in acting as she could attain by her dancing, and it is far better to be a brilliant dancer than a passable actress. However, she has not spoilt her style by talking too much on the comic-opera stage, and therefore plays her part prettily. Mr. Harry Paulton is always Mr. Harry Paulton, and so he is not much like a French officer; but he is funny, very funny, at times. "The Other Fellow" perhaps appeals even more to the critic than to the general public, because he knows something about the influence on French life of the duties of the "reservist," but to everybody it is very funny. What a blessing it is that we have no "reservist" system! The duty of being a juror is hard enough, but a trifle compared to being dragged off for a lunar month's drilling under military law. If you go to the Strand you have not the least chance of sitting laughterless, unless you happen to be blind and deaf, in which case I recommend you to visit—perhaps it would be libellous to "give it a name." If you have booked your seat, it is not worth while to give up your coffee in order to see the *lever de rideau*, unless the pretty performances of Miss May Palfrey is a sufficient temptation. E. F. S.

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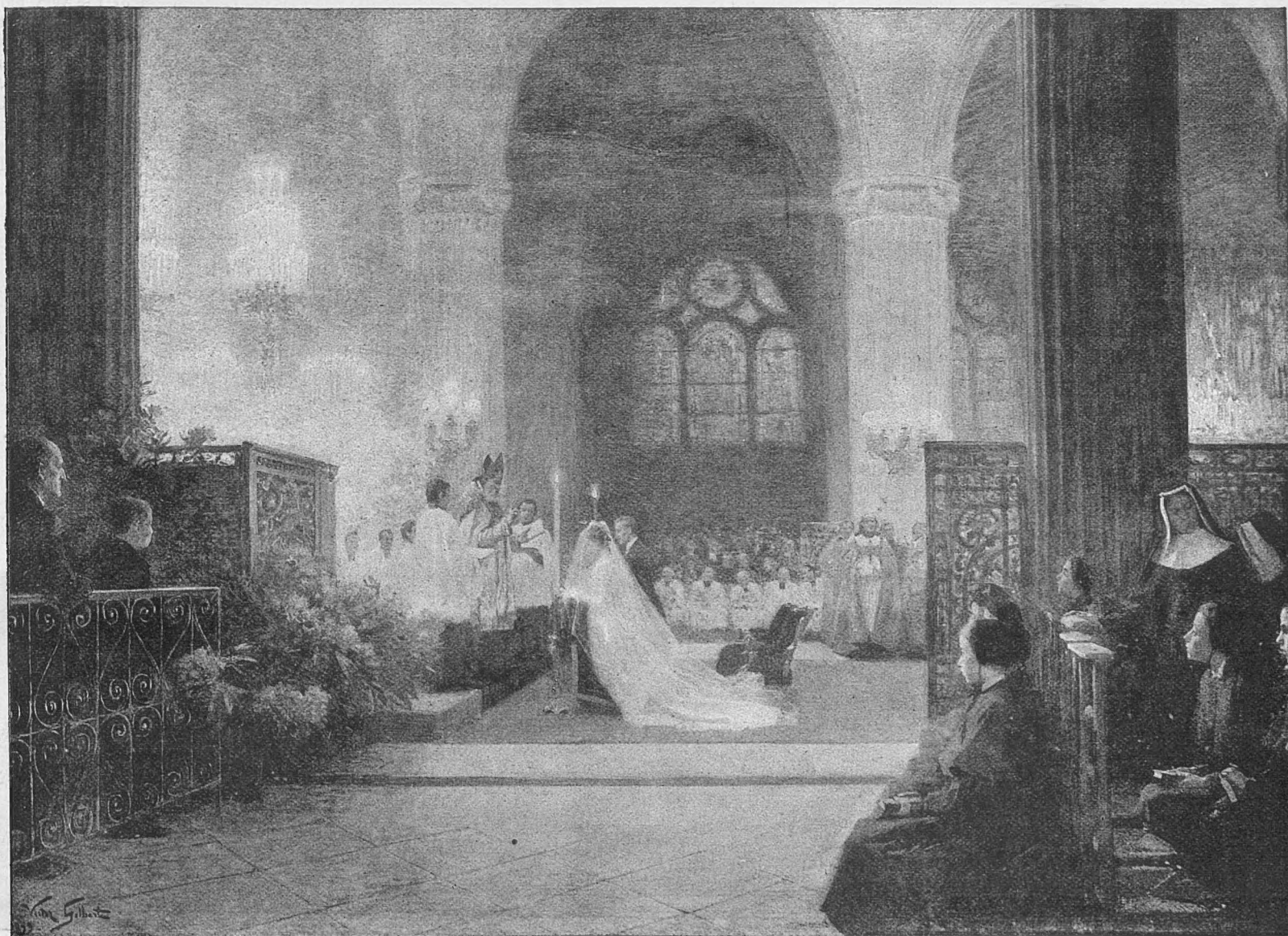
THE ART OF THE DAY.



ORTHEA.—N. PRESCOTT-DAVIES, R.B.A.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.



HONEYSUCKLE.—N. PRESCOTT-DAVIES, R.B.A.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.



BÉNÉDICTION NUPTIALE.—V. GILBERT.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

ART NOTES.

The history of monastic art is to be reckoned among the most interesting chronicles of mediævalism. The illuminations of the monastic offices, the frescoes of the monasteries, the strange idealism in which the fancy of the Benedictines indulged—all these things combine to build up a record which is unparalleled, because unique, in the history of the

Lippi—renegade monk though he might be—with his greater boldness and freedom of stroke; a third will evoke a Fra Bartolommeo; and so through the history of this side-movement we come finally to the development in Germany of what is known as the Overbeck school.

This dive into well-known history is, however, nothing to the purpose of our argument. The central point which connected all these more or less spiritual schools together was what they chose—and choose—to call the ideal in art. And therefore they are interesting, because they are set apart from all common and set forms of artistic achievement. What these excellent people, who contemned the objectivities of the world, really had it in their heart to do is a point upon which we have absolutely no information. Why the long, insipid faces of the Overbeck school or the round and miniature effects of Fra Angelico should represent the supernatural, we have never been able to discover. But this new publication from Mount Athos will serve admirably as an additional comparative test.

The *Athenæum* records the existence of what could not but be a very interesting picture, now in the hands of Mr. Lowes Dickinson, which is the result of a commission entrusted to Mr. Ford Madox Brown by the late firm of Dickinson. It is no less a subject than a half-length, life-size portrait of Shakspeare, and it was painted by Mr. Madox Brown from a kind of compilation of the very harsh and formal likenesses of the poet such as the Chandos portrait and the Stratford bust.

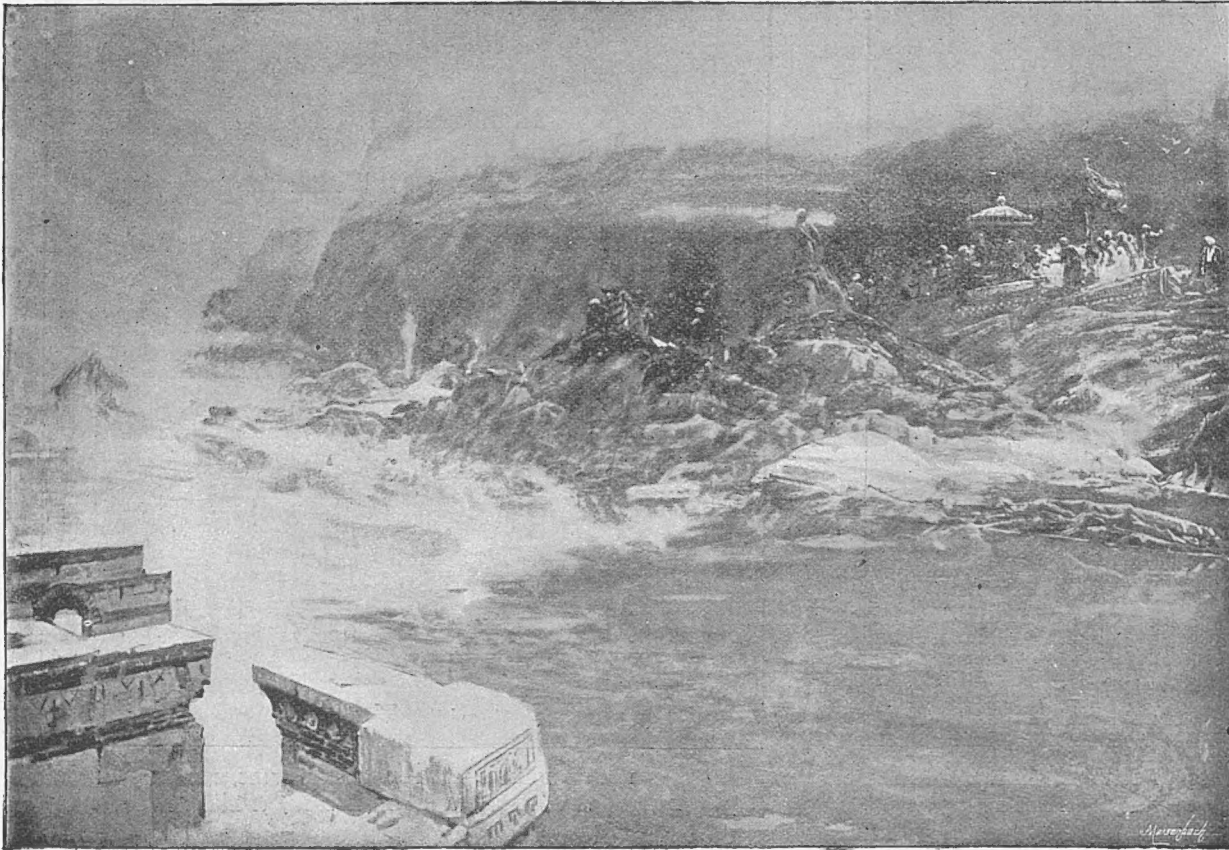
Such a course of action should, necessarily, be fraught with danger, if not to its self-consciousness, at any rate to its versimilitude. But we are assured that the artist has accomplished his appointed task with considerable success. The poet is attired in black, and the embroidery of his garments is also black, the whole relieved by a wide white collar. The idea, of course, was to clothe with flesh a field of dry bones.

world's art. The art of the monasteries was, indeed, built up on a theory, but a theory that seems absolutely impossible to a world of modern ideals and modern ambitions.

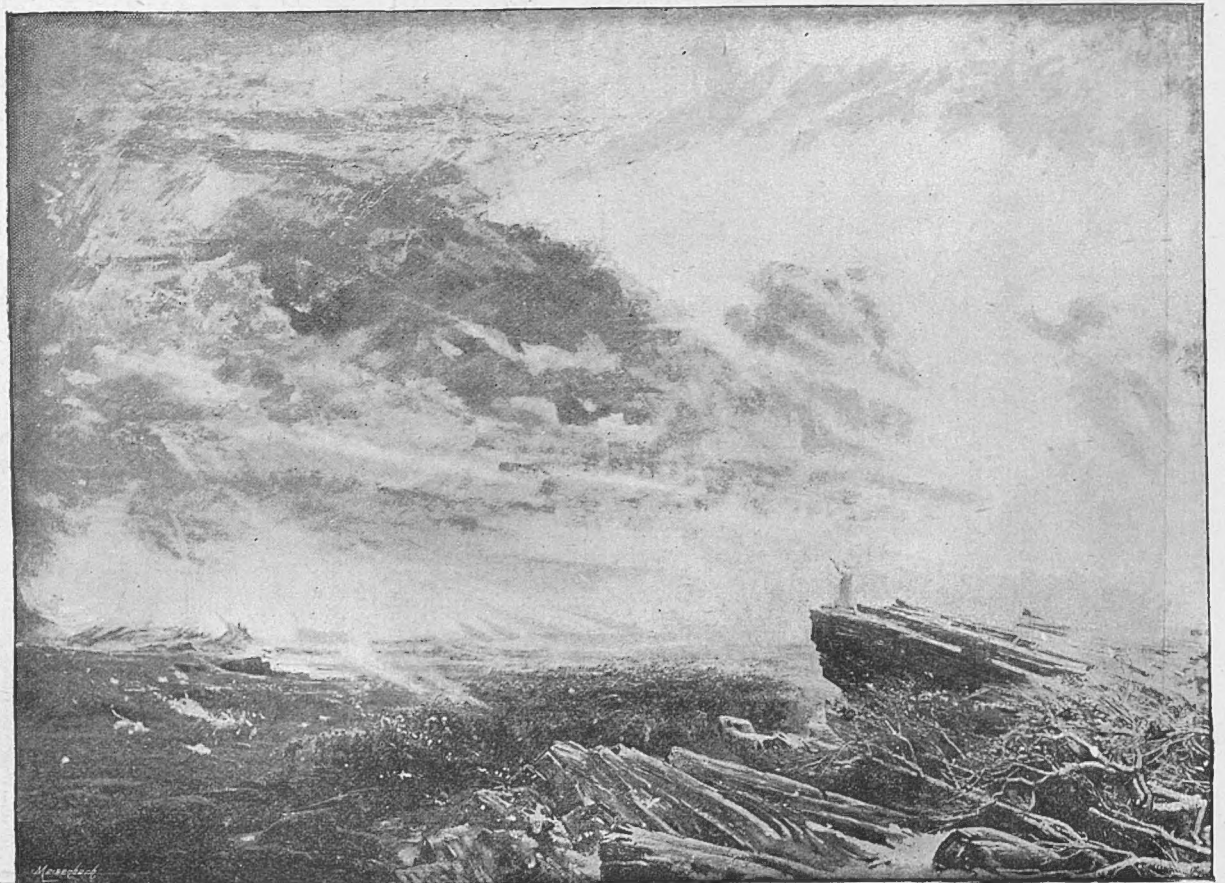
For interesting reasons such as these we are pleased to learn that the monks of Mount Athos have pledged themselves to produce a pictorial work which shall illustrate the life, the art, the architecture of their isolation and their solitude. The edition will be, of course, printed in Greek, and it is understood that Brother George, of St. Paul's Monastery, will be the general editor of the work. It will be published at Constantinople, and its advance price will be twenty-francs. To 150 pages of quarto text there will be 130 phototypes and some woodcuts. The publication is a unique one, and may well suggest some considerations.

To us who live among the hurly-burly of the world, conversant with its various schools of art, and all the theories that shake the minds of men that would willingly die to persuade their fellows to their own opinion, the secluded and often eccentric art of these separated places is often an absolutely unknown quantity. Nevertheless, it may at once be declared as a truth that in such spots, no less than in the open school of the world, there are factions of art, each with its own theory and its own practice.

One school will produce a Fra Angelico, with his miniature and jewelled manner; another will give birth to a Fra Lippo



THE SULTAN AND HIS CAMP ON THE MARGIN OF THE ENCHANTED LAKE.—MAX LUDBY, R.I.
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, New Bond Street, W.



THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.—MAX LUDBY, R.I.
Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, New Bond Street, W.

TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



MISS E. LANE-FOX.

"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

News from Mashonaland has been of the most varied and contradictory character. A crushing defeat of the British was reported one day last week, and on another came a rumour that Lobengula had been captured by Major Forbes's picked patrol of 450 men. The Major had learned from natives that Lobengula himself was on the Shanghani River, twenty miles to the north-east, his regiments having dispersed and sent their wives and cattle into the hills. Only a part of the Buluwayo regiment remained with the King, whose wagon was being dragged by the men themselves, for want of bullocks.

The Egyptian Budget for 1894 shows an estimated revenue of £10,327,000, against an expenditure of £9,784,000. Of the surplus of £543,000, only £13,000 is at the free disposal of the Government.

The fact that one of the three young militia officers who attempted to blow up the Nelson monument in Jacques Cartier Square, Montreal, is a son of the notorious ex-Premier, Mr. Mercier, has drawn more attention to the outrage than had otherwise been the case. It is stated that the affair was but one part of a huge plot, and it has been hinted that its consummation has been delayed until the accession as Governor-General of Lord Aberdeen, in order to see how much can be squeezed out of him.

Sir Charles Tupper, who returned to London on Wednesday, after a three-months' trip through the Dominion, told an interviewer that the incident was not the outcome of disloyalty on the part of the French Canadians generally; such a feeling was confined to a few insignificant persons, who had no weight or influence in the country.

The Quebec Legislature is exercising the greatest economy. One of the most hopeful signs of prosperity is the impetus given to dairying by the establishment of a dairy school last year at St. Hyacinthe.

The greatest destitution prevails among the Indians in Quebec. Four hundred are said to have already perished from hunger.

The Protection party in the Dominion have sustained a severe blow by the return of a Liberal in place of Mr. Hugh John Macdonald, only son of the late Premier.

Mr. Thomas McGreevy, ex-Member for Quebec, and Mr. N. K. Connolly, President of the Richelieu-Ontario Steamboat Company, one of the largest companies in Canada, have been each sentenced to one year's imprisonment for conspiracy to defraud the Dominion Government of large sums of money.

The Orient Company's steamer Garonne sailed from Gravesend on Wednesday for a two-months' pleasure cruise among the West India Islands. The company on board includes Sir Charles Cameron, Bart., M.P., and Lady Cameron, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., and Mrs. Wyllie, the Hon. E. H. Lascelles, and Mr. H. Shaw-Stewart, M.P., and Lady Alice Shaw-Stewart.

The members of the British mission to Afghanistan say that General Gholam Haidar, the Afghan Commander-in-Chief, could not have been more attentive.

The Opium Commission were told by the secretary of an anti-opium society at Calcutta last week that the gradual diminution of the area of cultivation would not satisfy the anti-opium party, and that the orders for the suppression of opium dens have not been fully carried out.

A series of reports on the subject has begun in the *British Medical Journal*, based on detailed replies recently received to a series of questions addressed to all the leading medical officers and sanitary authorities in India as to their individual experience of the effects of the use of opium among the natives of India. Nearly 200 of these schedules have now been returned with their detailed observations, from medical men of experience throughout all parts of India.

Victoria also proposes to deal with the opium question, for a Bill has been introduced into the Legislative Assembly to restrict its importation and use. Licenses, it is provided, must be obtained for the importation of the drug, and it must be used medicinally only. It will be within the power of the Governor in Council to prohibit the importation or sale of any medicine which contains an improper proportion of opium, and power is given for making all necessary regulations to annihilate the opium-smoking evil within the colony.

The deficit for the past year in Tasmania amounts to £100,000, bringing the total deficiency up to £380,000.

Sir George Dibbs, in moving the second reading of the Bank Notes Bill in the New South Wales Legislative Assembly on Wednesday, said the measure would go a long way towards placing the colonial banking institutions on all-fours with those of the Bank of England. The Bill provides that the notes of certain banks shall be made legal tender in the colony except at the head offices in Sydney, and imposes a stamp duty of £2 10s. per £100 of notes issued.

The weather has been exceedingly cold during the whole of the week, although it has only snowed once, for about half an hour. The wind has been very high, too, although, fortunately, no serious accidents have been the result, unlike the dreadful disasters on land in England. From the coast on the Channel, though, come distressing and fearful accounts of loss of lives and ships. The morning after the beginning of the storm twelve bodies were washed ashore at Calais, and on the next day fourteen more. Between Waldam lighthouse and Sangatte twenty-five fishing boats were lost. From Havre no less than eight large ships are reported wrecked, although, happily, most of the crews were saved. The Aboukir Bay, of Glasgow, went down, with all hands, near the mouth of the river at Morlaix. Eight bodies were found near Carantec, and eight between Dourduff and Locquenol, supposed all to have belonged to this unfortunate ship. To give some idea of the enormous size of the waves, I may add that at Calais a good-sized ship, only a hundred yards off, was from time to time entirely hidden from the view of the crowd on the pier.

At Biarritz a French schooner, after riding at double anchor for a whole day during the terrific storm, struck on the end of the breakwater and instantly went to pieces, and all hands were drowned in sight of hundreds of spectators on shore. Mr. Heeren offered 1000 francs to the steamer owners of St. Jean de Luz if they would go to the rescue, but they refused, saying it was impossible for any steamer to go into the tremendous surf surrounding the breakwater.

The popular Comte and Comtesse de Malden recently met with an uncommon and very unpleasant adventure at Fez. They were riding towards the town, when they suddenly came upon a crowd of infuriated Moors lynching a Jew from Séfrou, and dragging him towards the cemetery, where they intended throwing his body after they had killed him. The poor man, perceiving the strangers, rushed to the side of the Comtesse, and, hanging on to her saddle, implored her protection. This irritated the mob to such an extent that they began throwing missiles at the bewildered French people. The situation was becoming very serious when the Caïd fortunately rode up, attended by several servants, who speedily dispersed the fanatics, and eventually the Comte de Malden and his wife entered the town in safety with their *protégé*.

Mdlle. Yvette Guilbert, coupled with her eccentric singing, can boast of an utter lack of timidity in asking for anything she wants. The *Gil Blas* recently said that the lady in question intended learning to ride the bicycle. A few days after a letter appeared from her in the same journal, which was published, as will be seen, by her special request. After acknowledging that she wants to add this new accomplishment to her list, the *diva* says: "One thing alone prevents me from carrying out this intention, and that is the machine. I have an excellent character, a figure which everybody is pleased to think slim, a talent which the public 'seems' to appreciate, but I haven't a bicycle, and I don't mind telling you—quite between ourselves, and then you are sure to repeat it—that I don't earn enough money to allow of my spending fifty louis on a machine, as I am told it costs quite that for a bicycle *ultra select*. Oh! to ride on a bicyclette! I dream of it, *parole d'honneur*. Hélas! this happiness is denied me, and will be for ever, unless some rich merchant of *vélos* takes pity on my poverty and sends me at once one of his most perfect *pneus*. Publish my letter, please, and that will encourage them. *Je vous tends les mains*.—YVETTE GUILBERT." This may be a beginning to an original advertisement, as the plea of poverty is too good for anyone earning often £40 a night.

At the Olympia a great success is the serpentine dancing of Mdlle. Sandowa in a cage with four lions, and a *dompteur*, Max Himm. The curtain rises on a landscape somewhere in the Mediterranean, and slowly the boards of the stage disappear, and in their place rises a huge cage with the ferocious-looking lions inside. They are put through a very clever performance by M. Himm, when suddenly all the lights are put out except the limelight from the wings, thrown directly on to the cage, and Mdlle. Sandowa appears in her voluminous draperies, which she handles most adroitly and gracefully. The lions seemed very ill at ease, however, during the constant changing of light, and once the lioness made a savage spring at the intrepid *danseuse*, who, for the moment, was pushed up against the bars. The dance was stopped until the savage animal was induced to go back to her place, and then immediately resumed with the utmost *sangfroid*.

Almost every week one hears of disputes between *couturière* and client when it comes to settling the former's account. It is very easily remedied, of course, as, if the price of a dress or mantle is determined upon beforehand, any unpleasantness or possibility of overcharge will be avoided. However, some women, and generally those who can least afford to do so, delight in ordering their clothes without ever dreaming of asking the price at the time, and then feel themselves very ill-used when, the clothes being, probably, worn out, they are called upon to pay for them at a price they think excessive. Henriette Favre et Liégeios brought an action recently against Madame Rimsky-Korsakow, a Russian *grande dame*, well known in Parisian society, for payment of a bill, which was defended by M. Korsakow on the oft-repeated plea of overcharge. The bill has been placed in the hands of an expert, and judgment will shortly be given.



LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"WHAT'S FOR DINNER?"



IF THE COAL STRIKE HAD NOT ENDED.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.



"THIRUMS" WORTHY (on a visit to neighbouring town): "Ay, an' what d' ye think o' Barrie?"
 "Oo, ay—to be a Kirriemuir man, he's gey clever."



DRAWN BY PHIL MAY.

MISS MITFORD'S "OUR VILLAGE."*

One of the books which has become a recognised English classic, and yet which, undoubtedly, is more talked about than read, is "Our Village." The book was known to our fathers as we in these hurried days, and days essentially of town life, are never likely to know it. They not only read it in the original sixty or so sketches of the original issue, but demanded a second series of well-nigh equal length, which they duly illustrated with quaint woodcuts. But if anything could make Miss Mitford popular in our days the careful handling which she has received at the hands of Messrs. Macmillan is bound to secure that end. They have published, in delightful binding, and the type for which they are so well known, a selection from Miss Mitford's famous work, some sixteen sketches in all, and they have secured the services of Mr. Hugh Thomson to illustrate these sketches. Those of us who know Mr. Thomson's "Cranford" and "Vicar of Wakefield" can imagine, without having seen the book, what a singularly fascinating volume he has made; not even Caldecott could better depict the country yokel and the village maiden, to say nothing of "Miss" at the Hall, who may be seen in our illustration watering her flowers. Perhaps, only Mr. Abbey, among living black-and-white artists, could have done anything like equivalent justice to this charming volume; but it has another claim, apart from the exceedingly graphic power, alike of artist and writer, the claim of a lengthy introduction by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie. Mrs. Ritchie met Miss Mitford in her early years, and there are one or two of these pleasant reminiscences, of which she has already given us so many, of her great contemporaries.

She describes Three Miles Cross, the village of Miss Mitford's studies, from her own knowledge, and she recapitulates the incidents in the life of our authoress which the present generation has never known, or has long since forgotten. She tells how Mary Russell Mitford was born in 1787. Her father, Dr. Mitford, seems to have been a kind of Harold Skimpole—about as incorrigible an old scamp as ever passed through the world in the odour of sanctity. He squandered his wife's money and his daughter's at the gaming-table, with a reckless disregard of everyone's pleasure but his own, and yet, such is human nature, both wife and daughter combined to give him all the adoration which too often falls to the lot of the arch-impostor, man. One temporary stroke of good fortune he did, indeed, secure for his daughter. When she was ten years of age he put her name down for a lottery, and she drew a prize of £20,000. A reckless profusion was the immediate

At one point of her delightful story Mrs. Ritchie tells how Jane Austen and Miss Mitford were actually at one time living next door to one another, although there was never any particular friendship between them. As the years passed away, the authoress of "Our Village" went



into singularly different phases of literature: she wrote tragedies, which were performed by Kemble and Macready, and she tried to write novels; but, still, when all is said, "Our Village" remains to us as her one work, and as one of the undying classics of the language. Mr. Thomson's illustrations will secure it a new life for the present generation.

"MADEMOISELLE MISS, AND OTHER STORIES."*

There is an atmosphere of Paris in this volume, the atmosphere which Mrs. Humphry Ward tried to get in "David Grieve" by the simple process of introducing Regnault, and making him moralise on the iniquitous flippancy of the Chat Noir for the benefit of a young man from Manchester. Mr. Harland knows the atmosphere better than that. He makes you feel that it is not being distilled at second-hand, that the young ladies and gentlemen who study "art" in the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg live their lives without any solemn theorising, and with supreme unconsciousness of any superior order of living. There comes into "Mademoiselle Miss," it is true, an element which is staggering to the *étudiants*, whose skyline of womanhood has not ranged beyond the Mimis and Fines of the Quarter. An English governess strays into Paris, and, misled by an ancient guide-book, a rudimentary knowledge of colloquial French, and the most shadowy acquaintance with life, especially the life of "art" in the Quartier Latin, she lodges at the Hôtel de l'Océan et de Shakspeare, with complete innocence of the society which shelters itself under that conjunction of the magnificently irrelevant and vague. This home of culture is styled *Pension de Famille*, on which the narrator of the story remarks: 'At the epoch when Mademoiselle Miss arrived among us we were, to put it squarely, the most disreputable family in Europe.' Her arrival made no change in the manners and morals of the family. They took her to restaurants and concerts; she played the accompaniments to songs which it would be a feeble euphemism to call ribald. Nobody suspected that she was utterly and blissfully ignorant—nobody, except the most strident songster, who amazed her companions by asking why they had brought such a girl to "a *sale trou* like this." Upon the arrival of his own paid pianist, he conducted Miss back to her seat at our table, made her a grand bow, thanked her in a speech every word of which could have been found in the Academy Dictionary, and insisted upon her drinking a *galopin* of beer with him and clinking glasses. She laughed and blushed a good deal, but it was plain that in her heart she was murmuring, 'What fun!' Then it began to dawn on the gentlemen of the Hôtel de l'Océan et de Shakspeare that "in her own perfect soundness and honesty she was totally unsuspecting of the corruption round about her." When this idea took hold of the Mimis and the Fines, they were "thoroughly scandalised." "*Elle manque complètement de pudeur, alors,*" was their indignant greeting of this prodigy. In the end, having nursed most of her admirers through influenza, Mademoiselle Miss returns to England, still unconscious of the real character of that *Pension de Famille*, and leaving the men her hopeless and contrite slaves.



result, and the £20,000 did not take long to vanish; still, as it was precisely during these years that she secured that measure of mental culture which came to her, we owe something to that lottery ticket.

* "Our Village" By Mary Russell Mitford. With an Introduction by Annie Thackeray Ritchie. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. London: Macmillan and Co.

* "Mademoiselle Miss, and Other Stories." By Henry Harland. London: W. Heinemann.

THE LITERARY REPUTATIONS OF '93.



Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.
HUBERT CRACKENTHORPE, AUTHOR OF "WRECKAGE."



Photo by Durtles, Warrington.
MADAME SARAH GRAND, AUTHOR OF "THE HEAVENLY TWINS."



Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.
"JOHN OLIVER HOBBS" (MRS. CRAIGIE).



Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.
MR. E. F. BENSON, AUTHOR OF "DODO."

TWO GREAT ENGLISH NOVELISTS.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH.

Like Carlyle and Browning, Mr. Meredith has overridden all criticism as to complexities of style and eccentricities of manner. By the rank-and-file of latter-day novelists he is everywhere greeted as "the Master," although it may be fairly assumed that his books sell by tens as against hundreds of some of his contemporaries. Popular in the sense in which

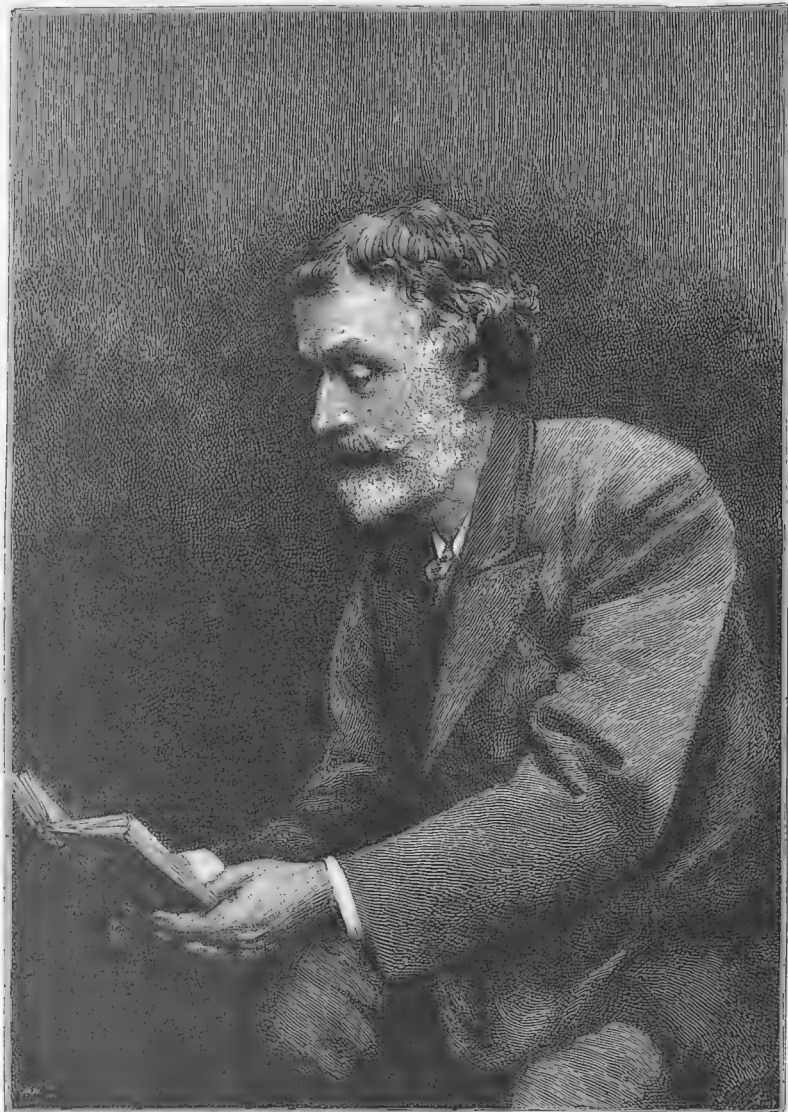


Photo by Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH.

Mr. Rider Haggard or Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is popular he cannot hope to be; but as a teacher of the teachers, a splendid high-priest of our later literature, he stands without the least pretensions of a rival. Mr. Walter Besant, upon the death of Lord Tennyson, assigns to him the cheap honour of the presidency of the Society of Authors. Miss Olive Schreiner announces to the world that Meredith, and Meredith alone among Englishmen, understands women, and Mr. Thomas Hardy gratefully acknowledges the service which Mr. Meredith once did to him by his frank and hearty recognition of "Desperate Remedies"—his first novel. What Mr. Stevenson thinks has been quoted often enough. Mr. Swinburne may be our prince among poets and Mr. Ruskin among critics, but it is to the novel, and not to the poem or the criticism, that all eyes are now directed, and by which all minds are at present agitated. and here there can be no manner of question as to Mr. Meredith's supremacy.

And the author of "Richard Feverel" is not less fascinating as a man than as an author. At his pretty little cottage near Dorking he has entertained nearly all the men of eminence of England and America, and, one might add, of France, for it is the spirit of the French nation which most attracts Mr. Meredith, in spite of an early education at Neuwied-am-Rhein. French actors and acting alone attract him, so far as dramatic art is concerned, and one may well believe, if a glance through his library shelves may be relied upon, that all his favourite novels are in the French language.

Mr. Meredith is the most stimulating of conversationalists. The brilliant epigram to which one is accustomed in "Diana of the Crossways" and "Harry Richmond," the terse wisdom of the Pilgrim's Scrip, are all brought to bear upon the latest book, the newest play, and the political situation of the hour. Mr. Meredith, moreover, has sympathy with the "masses," but at heart it is the patrician's sympathy, and, whether he will admit it or not, the Neo-Pagan movement so rife in our day has no more effective ally, no more picturesque embodiment.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

Mr. George Meredith has been called a Neo-Pagan. The greatest of our younger novelists is a proselytising Pagan. Mr. Lang may lift his hands in pious horror, and turn to the soup-kitchens and Dorcas meetings, where he, doubtless, delights to read his ballades; but Mr. Hardy means it and feels it with an intensity which grips you through every line of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The defiant philosophy of Omar Khayyam is his, and he asseverates it with trenchant force. Yet a visit to Mr. Hardy at Max Gate, Dorchester, does not suggest any "obstinate questionings." The clergy of "Casterbridge" and the neighbourhood find a congenial companion, and one suspects that Mr. Hardy would be lost without their society. Of his own private surroundings it would be ill-mannered to speak, but Mr. Hardy will convert himself into the most athletic of guides, and will show you locality after locality in the stories which give such profound delight to our leisure moments. Here in this strangely constructed amphitheatre the Mayor of Casterbridge met his wife, and a generation or two earlier a witch was burned; here the Trumpet-Major watched the King passing, and over yonder is Egdon Heath associated with "The Return of the Native." Then one struggles in Mr. Hardy's active footsteps to the top of the ancient Roman earth-works, which are so striking a feature of Dorchester, and talks with what breath is left to one upon the question which, to Mr. Hardy, as to most of us, is so absorbingly interesting—the question of sex. Ethelberta and Tamsin, Susan Henchard and Anne Garland, Paula, Elfride, and Lady Constantine—what a gallery it is of genuine, unexaggerated womanhood, womanhood without the glamour and insincerity with which poets have surrounded it! Perhaps no man has ever lived who has more clearly seen things as they really are than Mr. Hardy. Human passion has no more faithful interpreter. And then his intense love of country sights and sounds, so distinguishing a feature of his novels, is brought home to one sufficiently pointedly in the walk across the Wessex Downs. Mr. Hardy, like Mr. Meredith, secures the sincere personal attachment of all who are brought into contact with him; but, while with Mr. Meredith it is an attachment born of



Photo by Wheeler, Weymouth.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.

reverence and not unmingled with fear—the attachment, in fact, of a nervous boy to an exceedingly dignified father—with Mr. Hardy the attachment is one of friend to friend, to a friend with an infinite gift of sympathy and helpfulness. When all is said, here are two great men of whom our age has every reason to be proud.

THE LITERARY CRANKS OF LONDON.

I.—THE OMAR KHAYYĀM CLUB.

BY A MEMBER.

The literary cranks of London are as the sand of the sea-shore for number, and yet they have rather diminished than increased during the last few years. The Wordsworth Society no longer collects archbishops and bishops and learned professors in the Jerusalem Chamber to solve the mystery of existence under the guidance of the great poet of Rydal, and one is rather dubious as to whether the Goethe Society has much to say for itself to-day, although in its time it has crammed the Westminster Town Hall with enthusiastic lovers of German literature. The Shelley Society one only hears of from time to time by its ghastly burden of debt, a state which perhaps reflects the right kind of glory upon its great hero, whose aptitude for making paper boats out of Bank of England notes, if apocryphal, is, at any rate, a fair exemplification of his capacity for getting rid of money. And as to the Browning Society, with its blue-spectacled ladies, deep in the mysteries of Sordello, if the cash balance, which is said at Girton to have been expended in sweetmeats, had any existence at the London centre, one knows not what confectioner at the West End has reaped the benefit. There are, however, some fairly flourishing organisations at this moment. One of them is the "Sette of Odd Volumes," another the Johnson Club, to say nothing of the "Vagabonds," the "Ghouls," and the latest comer, the Omar Khayyām Club, as to which I am glad to have the permission of the Editor to say a few words.

This society was formed about three months ago without any desire to attract public attention. We were simply bent upon making an occasion, once a quarter, to eat a dinner, to gratify our own feelings of companionship and to gratify further our intense appreciation of Edward FitzGerald's famous quatrains. Not one of the original members of the society—and there were seven or eight of them—had any knowledge of Persian, and it was not at all with the famous poet of Persia as he is known to the great scholars of our time that we concerned ourselves—it was only that poet as interpreted by Edward FitzGerald with his wonderful interpretation of life as understood by a great number of people at the present day. The society was practically started by three men, all of whom talked it over together for a very long time beforehand; one of these was our indefatigable secretary, Mr. Frederick Hudson. As I have said, there were some eight of us who first agreed to form this club, and we each invited one or two guests to the first dinner; one of the eight, Mr. Arthur Hacker, the well-known artist, made us a *menu* card, and Mr. Hacker was good enough to introduce to the society Mr. Solomon and Mr. Shannon, two brother-artists, who each in turn has been victimised to the extent of a *menu* card, and Mr. Solomon's sketch I have his permission to reproduce. Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy came as my guest, and I mention this because an absurd statement got abroad that he was the founder of the Omar Khayyām Club; we, however, were very glad to have Mr. McCarthy, because he has done some excellent work in the vein of Edward FitzGerald, and because, also, he has himself made a translation of Omar, which is the delight of every book collector on account of its curious type and other bibliographical eccentricities. Mr. McCarthy was elected our first chairman, and we added a very considerable number of members to the society, which, it was arranged, should not exceed fifty-nine, this number having no more erudite significance than the

fact that it was in the year 1859 that Edward FitzGerald published his famous translation or paraphrase.

Among the guests of the club—many of whom have since become members—one may mention Mr. Edward Clodd, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Sidney Low (editor of the *St. James's Gazette*), Judge Keene, whose Persian studies have carried him very much into the regions of FitzGerald's original, and several other well-known men in literature and art. The most dramatic incident in connection with the club has already been fully stated in the Press: this was the visit of certain of our members to FitzGerald's grave at Boolge, near Woodbridge.

As I am putting on record for all time the account of the origin of a club which is likely to last longer than some of the cranks which have been mentioned, I may as well recapitulate the story of that visit. Some years ago Mr. William Simpson was travelling in Persia with the Afghan Boundary Commission as special artist of the *Illustrated London News*. Mr. Simpson, an enthusiastic Omar Khayyāmite, and one of our earliest members, bethought himself of a pilgrimage to Omar's tomb, and, with a single companion, rode some miles to the spot where the great Persian is buried at Naishapur. He found one of the wishes of Omar singularly realised—the wish that rose-leaves should twine about his tomb—and he brought back with him some seed of those very rose-bushes, which was sent to Mr. Thiselton-Dyer at Kew Gardens, and there duly cultivated. For some time—long before the Omar Club was thought of—it was a pet project with Mr. Edward Clodd and Mr. Simpson that the rose-bushes which should grow at Kew from the seed culled on Omar's tomb should be transplanted to FitzGerald's grave. But the existence of a society gave special facilities for carrying out this project, and our visit to Boolge, with its accompanying ceremonial (sanctioned, it may be said, by the executors of Edward FitzGerald), is now matter of literary history. Let that pass; suffice to say, without having any ambition to be known to the public, or, indeed, to concern ourselves with the outside world, we are going to settle down in the future in a quiet sort of way to this quarterly dinner of a few good friends and comrades. Perhaps our spirit could not be better exemplified than in the letter which Mr. Theodore Watts, the eminent poet and critic, wrote to the secretary on the occasion of our last dinner; I trust he will pardon me for reproducing his letter, and I cannot in any better way conclude what little there is to be said on this subject—

"Although I am compelled to forego the great pleasure of dining with you on Friday," writes Mr. Watts, "I must not miss the opportunity of telling you how entirely I admire, and aspire to be in sympathy with, what I am sure must be the temper of an Omar Khayyām Club. The King of the Wise was, first and foremost, a good fellow, as every line of his poems shows; so was old Fitz, the greatest man, save Nelson, that has been produced even by East Anglia, and I must say that I never came across a genuine, thoroughgoing disciple of the Master who was not a good fellow. No mean and ill-conditioned man could possibly enjoy the philosophy of the Rubayat. Now, as I myself would far rather have the character of a good fellow among good fellows than the character of a man of genius, what I have said above is meant for high praise of your club. And no one could possibly have taken more interest in the late charming ceremony got up by my friends E— C— and C— S— than I did, and I hope when you print an account of it you will not forget to send me a copy, as I want to read certain verses by McCarthy (another and still older friend) which, I hear, have appeared somewhere, but I cannot discover where."



MENU CARD OF THE LAST DINNER OF THE OMAR KHAYYĀM CLUB.—S. J. SOLOMON.

A SEARCH-LIGHT ON SINS.*

Mr. Coulson Kernahan might well be termed the new Friar of Fiction. In the old days the man who did not believe that all was well with the world was given some yards of sackcloth and a long rope for his waist,



MR. COULSON KERNAHAN.

and sent to hammer morality into the multitude. In this nineteenth century we are moved neither by sackcloth nor by ashes. We take our sermons in homeopathic doses, and having listened to a popular Canon on Sunday, we flock to the Divorce Court on Monday. The hurry of the hour is so engrossing that there is no time even for thought. He who has a serious mission and would preach it must bawl long in the market-place, and grow husky for lack of voice to gather even the pretence of a crowd. In fiction it is the same. The old monk who wrote a treatise on the Decalogue and so styled it, or the painstaking parson who produced a volume under the

general designation "My Life and Times," no longer has a hearing. Had the cleric only stooped to call his book "My Life and High Old Times," he would have sold out the first edition on publishing day. Mr. Kernahan foresees these things. Being a man of large imagination, an earnest man, and one with a mission, he is clever enough to realise that gilt edges and piety are not worth a brass button, either for the attracting of attention or the sale of wares. He is determined that the reading public shall listen to that which in his hands is so well worth listening to, and he takes a title and a form under which he can scarce fail to get his hearing. Many will buy "A Book of Strange Sins" under the impression that it is a *précis* of proceedings before Sir Francis Jeune. These will be mistaken, and will get no sympathy from the author. If he touch ghastly crime, turn his lantern upon the grim spectres of the drink curse, or deal with momentous sin, which is the life and being of all human drama, he never stoops to trick detail in fine colours or to dwell morbidly, in the Zolaesque spirit, on those branches of the tree of evil which bear no moral fruit. His story, "The Literary Gent," is as powerful as anything in recent fiction. His imaginative scene—I have no other description for it—entitled "The Lonely God," is a prose poem which may lack the logic of the mere theologian, but which is beautiful beyond anything he has yet written. It is in these spiritual imaginings that the author of "The Dead Man's Diary" must take high place. The daring freshness of his thought, his great ability in expressing it, his contempt for common tradition, the sincerity which exudes from every page of his work captivate the reader, and secure attention for the missioner. I do not know any piece of prose which opens up so many great questions in so few lines as the story in this volume called "A Lost Soul," nor one which is more forcibly realistic and impressive than the sketch entitled "The Apples of Sin." Murder, lust, covetousness, regret, the horrors of death, the agony of the soul—these are the strange sins which the reader of the book will meet with; and, if the category be appalling, they lose half their terror in treatment, and are in the end but the means by which the great pity of life is triumphant above them and beyond them. Altogether, a book which is as new and as strange as the sins it deals with are old and ever-present.

THE POLITICIAN'S PICTURE-BOOK.†

If it be true, as Davenant said it was, that "Your politicians have evermore a touch of vanity," then there will be means of gratifying it if they will obtain the fine, oblong volume, just published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., under the title of "Parliamentary Pictures and Personalities: Graphic Sketches in Parliament, 1890-1893." In this book

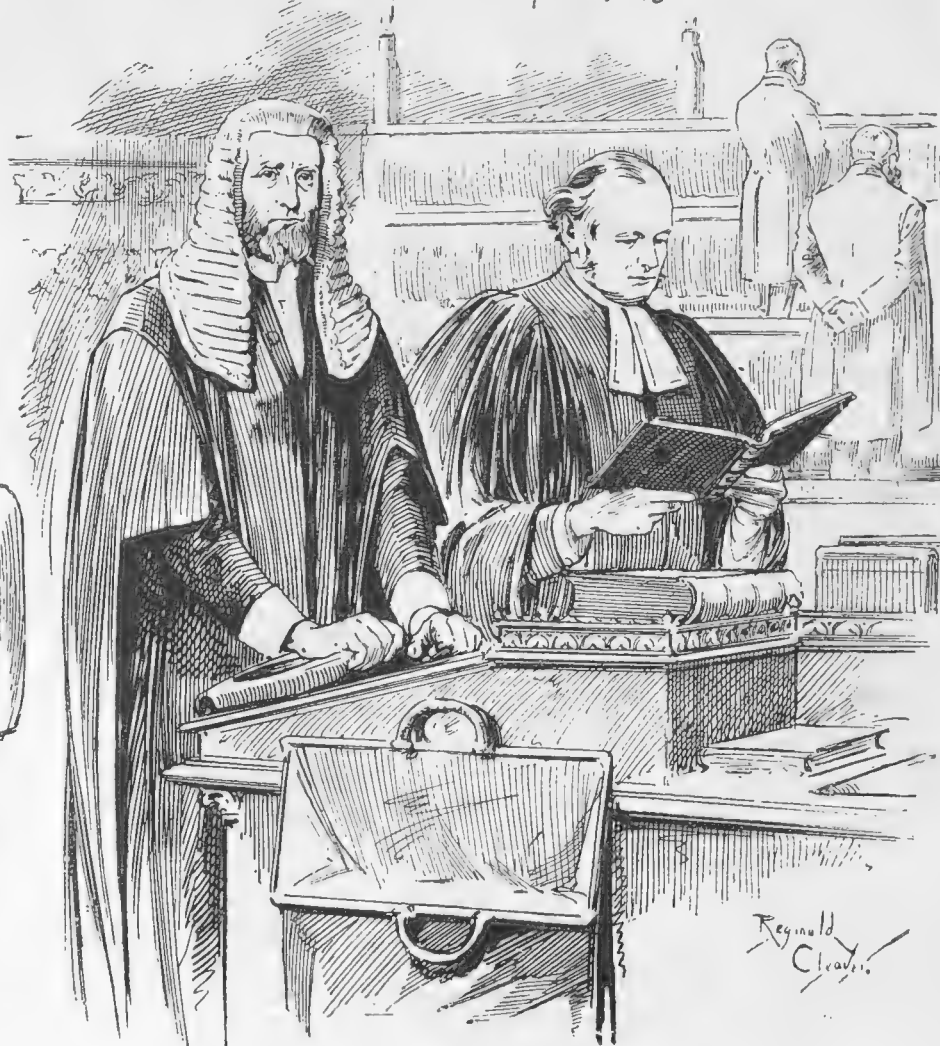
* "A Book of Strange Sins." By Coulson Kernahan. London: Ward, Lock, and Bowden.

† "Parliamentary Pictures and Personalities." London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

we have 135 character-sketches by Sydney P. Hall, Reginald Cleaver, Paul Renouard, H. W. Brewer, A. S. Boyd, and others, besides 600 portraits, most of them very recent, of M.P.'s—in fact, a veritable panorama of Parliament. Mr. Harold Cox has written very bright and interesting descriptions in connection with the various illustrations and biographies of the portraitees, if I may coin such a word. Someone once truthfully said that St. Stephen's "was the biggest and best peep-show in the world, admission free"; at all events, everything that concerns our senators seems to interest the public, from the crown of their heads—that is, their hats, which play so prominent a part in the etiquette of Parliament—to the sole of their feet—which includes the sand-shoes so frequently sported in the warm summer this year. The book starts with two finely drawn views of the interior of the House of Lords and House of Commons, entitled contrastingly "Rank" and "Power." The session is traced, pictorially, from the formal search for explosives (which now only exist in debates and not in the vaults), the first courteous handshaking by members with the Speaker, the reading of prayers by Archdeacon Farrar, the reception of new members, the hasty rush for the division lobby, down to the last scene of all—the departure from the House. Never before, I fancy, has the whole machinery been so picturesquely laid bare. Mr. Reginald Cleaver not only draws pictures but portraits, and usually with striking success; as a tribute to his power I may specially remark on his obtaining real likenesses of Mr. John Morley, Mr. Labouchere, and Sir Richard Webster, who usually suffer indignities at the hands of artists. Especially clever are his views of the House, looking down from the Gallery, nor must I fail to compliment him on his admirable drawing of the Speaker. Mr. Sydney Hall is always happy in dealing with the Premier, whose fleeting expressions on his mobile countenance vary as often as his opponents say his views do; the picture of Mr. Gladstone standing behind the Speaker's chair is extremely good.

The House of Lords has a share in the book, and to many of the public the sketch of a Lords' Committee will be new. There are also some sketches of the Parnell Commission, rough, but clever. The portrait of Mr. Parnell and Piggott are striking likenesses, while the scene of Piggott's confessions, at Mr. Labouchere's house, drawn by Mr. Sydney Hall from Mr. Sala's description, is historically valuable. Many of the sketches have been published before in the *Daily Graphic*, but they are presented under far better conditions for appreciation in this handsome collection, which will act as a permanent pictorial record of Parliament and personages during the eventful three years selected for illustration. It is pathetic to note how many of those whose faces are portrayed have answered the summons which nightly rings through the corridors, "Who goes home?"

ARCHDEACON FARRAR

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
READING PRAYERS

THE WIZARD OF ODENSE.*

Mr. Andrew Lang having deserted Elf-land this Christmas, the publication of these two handsome volumes of tales by the shoemaker's son of Odense is very opportune. For the child who sits in bright-eyed wonder, held spellbound by the visions which the Danish wizard conjured, or for the man who breathes again to barter spooks for sprites, and Mahatmas for elfish mysteries, the feast is equally rich. Out of the city of the Danes, no more than thirty odd years ago, these visions came to flit over the world with charmed footsteps. To-day it is difficult for us to believe that they have not existed for ever, though tin soldiers march in their armies, and the brand of civilisation robs many of them of the guise of antiquity. For sure there could scarce have been an age which maintained the *verve* of life, and yet lacked the story of "The Red Shoes." Or did a generation arise and come to maturity that knew nothing of the nightingale which sang in the Emperor's palace, and remained content with an Emperor's tears as a satisfying honorarium? We who know our Andersen so well realise these things with difficulty. There must be some trait in all human nature which leads mankind to put a high price upon things of old time, or how should Perrault have been canonised years ago and this very Dane beatified, when all the spooks lack a single celebration in the literary calendar? Let St. Stead look to it; let all the prophets of a petted realism take up the cudgels for the thing which is. This doleful minority which gets its Andersen again to-day in these two fine volumes, with their dainty pretence of black lettering and their praiseworthy drawings by Mr. Arthur J. Gaskin, will be content to rest a while among the elves and goblins, to coquet with the magic flowers, to breathe hatred of the wicked Princess, to make mental batteries for the tin soldiers, and to give the spooks the veriest dregs of a Christmas greeting. A fig for them when such dear old dreams remain! Let us out in our resting to the places of porcelain; let us talk with the birds and the bees and the flowers; let us greet again "The Ice Maiden"; let us learn, as though we did not know it all so well, that which the moon saw; let us leave the description of the looking-glass and the fragments. And in this dreaming how pleasant a comedy and tragedy of fancy shall pass before us! The prettiness of tears, the daintiness of laughter, the



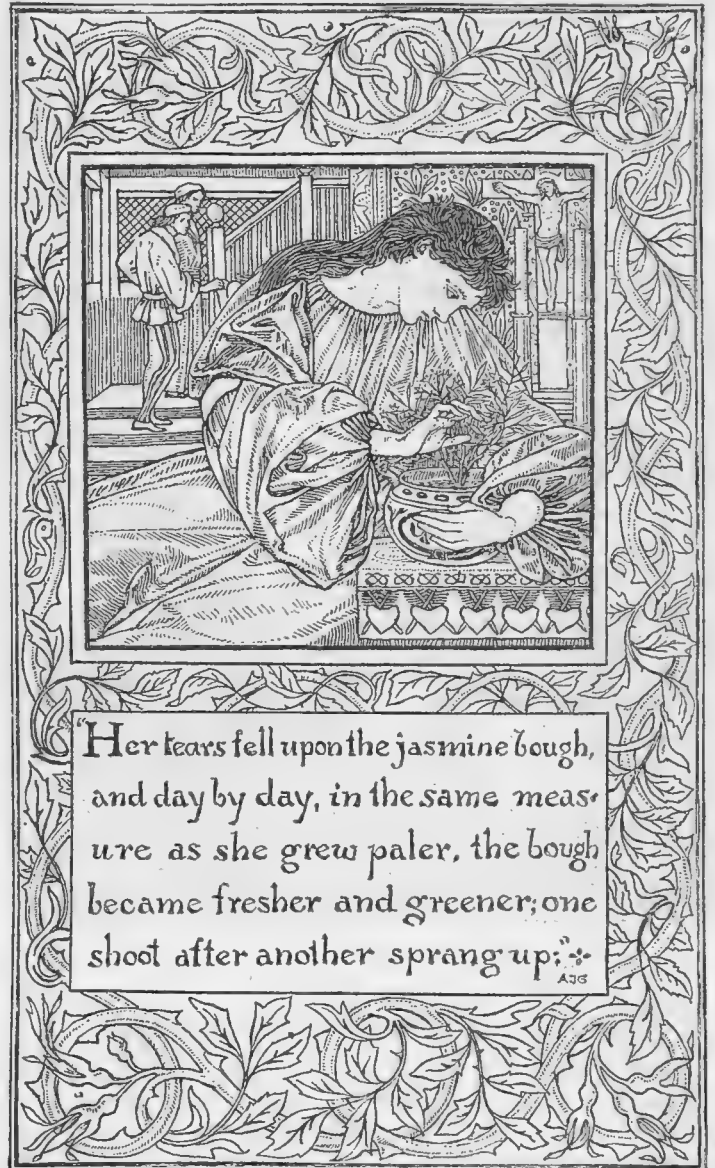
From "Hans Andersen's Fairy Stories." (George Allen.)

very splendour of consummate imagining—all are between these covers, where the wand lies concealed for us to put our eyes upon. We have but to handle it, and the visions of the Master take shape again, ever fresh for us who are not ashamed to be children still in the season when the thought of childhood is paramount—in which spirit we must ever greet the mighty Dane with a "*Gratias agamus*" upon our lips.

* "Stories by Hans Christian Andersen." With Pictures by Arthur J. Gaskin. London and Orpington: George Allen.

IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

An air of unwonted disquiet
All over the galleries hung;
There are elements, too, of a riot,
The sculptures and mummies among;
And a great winged lion from Shuza
Remarked, with a cynical grin,
"Whatever induced them to choose a
Museum to honeymoon in?"



From "Hans Andersen's Fairy Stories." (George Allen.)

"For those whose delight is to wander
Alone in their new wedded bliss
There are plenty of places out yonder
Far better adapted than this:
There are groves where there's no one to see them,
And meadows with no one to care,
But to spoon in a sober Museum
Insults every specimen there."

But a bull with a blander expression,
And curls at the end of his tail.
Said, "Such visits and visitors freshen
A life that is awfully stale.
Since Sennacherib's daughter went frantic
With love for a Philistine prince
I've really seen nothing romantic—
And that's many centuries since."

Then a mummy that stood in a corner,
Rolled up in a handkerchief, sighed,
"Poor thing! Is there no one to warn her?"
And wept as she looked at the bride.
"I fancied, as Mistress Menephtah,
All joys (the genteel ones) mine:
I dreamt not the wretch ever kept a
Small shop in the grocery line."

But our bridegroom sat placid-pacific,
And copied (her hand in his own)
An intricate hieroglyphic
That squirmed on the Moabite stone.
And the bride, who was mortal, grew weary
And yawned, "How I wish you would stop!
Do put up your pocket-book, dearie,
And come out and get me a chop."

THE DAYS OF REMBRANDT.*

It is seldom that one is able to say of a translation that it is as good as the original work. The old proverb, "*Traduttore, traditore*," is often only too true, but on the present occasion we are bound to admit that under Mr. Wedmore's advice several plates which appear in the original edition of M. Michel's work have been replaced by others which are



LADY WITH A FAN, 1641.

more representative of Rembrandt's special powers, and the publishers have appreciated the opportunity thus offered of making the English version more desirable than even the French. Miss Simmonds, too, has acquitted herself of the task of translation with praiseworthy results. Her language is as clear as M. Michel's, and she seldom, if ever, avoids difficulties by substituting weak phrases of her own in the place of the author's.

Rembrandt van Ryn—as the son of the Leyden miller, Harmen Gerritsz, came to be known to the world—led a life as full of *chiaroscuro* as his pictures might suggest. He knew all the twists of fortune, and had lived by turns the life of a plodding student, of a prosperous artist, and a ruined bankrupt. He spent eight years in the unbroken happiness of married life, and after a long and dreary widowhood made, in rapid succession, two other experiences in the same line, neither of which was as successful as his first. Born at Leyden in 1607, he appeared at the moment when a group of painters were attempting to introduce into Dutch the methods of the Italians and to substitute composition for reality. Rembrandt, with a true artist's eye and sense, saw that without straying from the Dutch Venice he could find colours and contrasts far greater and more brilliant than Lastman, Elsheimer, and the others had brought back with them from the other side of the Alps.

Rembrandt was scarcely more than four-and-twenty when he first arrived at Amsterdam. His first works on reaching the capital were ambitious enough to show that he needed only a fair opportunity to distinguish himself from the crowd of skilful artists who repeated themselves, and often each other, with exasperating cleverness. "The Presentation in the Temple" was ready within a year of his arrival in Amsterdam, and its independent and original treatment of so-called religious art at once brought the young painter into notice. The Stadtholder of the Netherlands, Prince Frederick Henry, gave an order for three other works, of which the two most important, "The Elevation of the Cross" and "The Descent from the Cross," are now in the Munich Gallery. About the same time Rembrandt had made the acquaintance of Dr. Tulp, a celebrated anatomist, and a professor at the Surgeons' Guild. Through his protection he obtained permission to execute the remarkable "Lesson on Anatomy," which is now to be seen at the Hague. By this masterpiece he gained the favour of the great trade corporations which in Protestant and democratic Holland held towards art and artists the position which the Church and Crown occupied elsewhere. It was at this time that he fell in with Saskia van Ulenbergh, the orphan daughter of a Frisian lawyer of good position and some wealth,

and a great beauty. For several years we find Saskia giving light and grace to his pictures, and, as his model, allowing the world to appreciate the delicacy of his touch. Their married life lasted only eight years, during which some of his most successful works were executed, beginning with the "Shipbuilder and His Wife," and closing with the "Night Watch," the glory of the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam, where it appears as the *ne plus ultra* of Dutch art. Throughout this time, when not painting, Rembrandt was busy etching, throwing into his copperplate the qualities and strong contrasts by which his painting was distinguished. He was at once the Titian and the Albert Dürer of Holland, attaining to the same ends, but by different methods. He fixed all his care and attention upon the central point in his work, and, in complete opposition to his fellow-countrymen, left the other parts to be completed by the spectator's imagination. His strong contrasts of light and shadow were made to play their part in accentuating the dominant idea of the artist. His single portraits were very differently treated, for in them every detail was carefully worked out; but the traditional Dutch art was poetised and beautified. No more perfect specimen of Rembrandt's art at this period can be found than in the "Lady with a Fan," here reproduced. The original is in the Queen's private collection at Buckingham Palace, and is justly reckoned as one of the masterpieces of Rembrandt's art. Painted in a very different spirit, but with no less power and distinction, is the portrait of Elizabeth Bas, the widow of Admiral Swartenhout. In spite of her yellow complexion and parchment skin, which appear the more noticeable by the contrast of the stiff white ruff, one cannot withhold admiration of the dignified old lady, in whom simplicity and decision of character are alike strongly marked.

A year or two before Saskia's death, in 1642, the couple had moved into a fine house in the Jodenbreestraat, in the very heart of the Jewish quarter, where Rembrandt began to indulge in that habit of collecting pictures and art objects which was, combined with his generosity towards the members of his own family, to bring him ultimately to ruin. He worked hard all through his life, but after Saskia's death the directing hand which had made his worldly affairs prosper deserted him, and, notwithstanding the large sums he made by the sale of his pictures and etchings, he was forced in 1656 to declare himself bankrupt. On leaving the house in which he had experienced the favours as well as the frowns of fortune, he wandered back once more to the outskirts of the city, and settled almost within sight of the quarters



PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH BAS.

he had occupied when he first entered upon his career. The story of that life is well told by M. Michel, who has discovered a thousand details hitherto unknown; and all who desire to appreciate aright Rembrandt's career and his position in Dutch art should take advantage of the opportunity afforded them under such attractions in these sumptuous volumes.

* "Rembrandt: His Life, his Work, and his Time." By Émile Michel. Translated by F. Simmonds, and Edited by F. Wedmore. London: W. Heinemann.

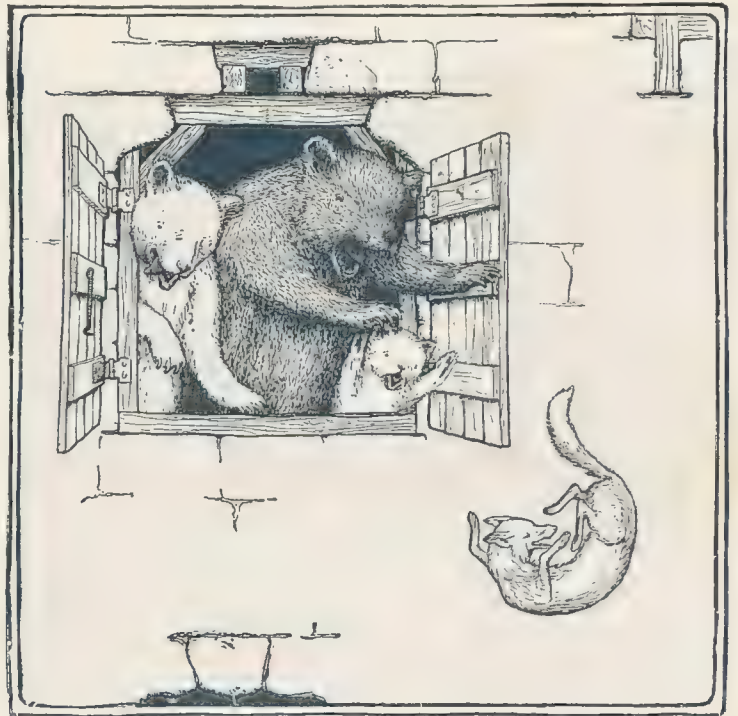
"MORE ENGLISH FAIRY TALES."*

Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Batten are again well to the fore with their Christmas fare, as delightful as it is digestible. The many who tasted the first dish of "English Fairy Tales," prepared three years ago, had their appetite whetted for this second feast, albeit 'tis more of an *entrée* than that.

The earlier collection included the time-honoured "Jack the Giant-Killer," the insignificant but immortal "Tom Thumb," the famous cosmopolitan "Whittington and His Cat," and "Tom Tit Tot," the Suffolk variant of "Rumpelstiltskin," which shows that the "missing word" trick is as old as the hills. The later collection gives us "Habetrot," the Scotch version of that fine story, and for rich specimens of indigenous tales Mr. Jacobs draws on the remarkable group which Mrs. Marie Balfour collected from the mouths of Lincolnshire fens-dwellers. But we wish he had chosen "Tiddy Mun" instead of the parallel "Yallery Brown," and why does he alter the titles of the stories and "tone down" the dialect?

Among the good things restored to our native gallery we are glad to see the old champion, "Tom Hickathrift," about whose possible historical

"A vengeance on her! We did not make our hedge high enough!" Then there are the Hobyahs, creations of Mr. Batten's pencil, wonderful as the "Mock Turtle" in "Alice's Adventures." Very modern among the company which Mr. Jacobs has gathered together is the variant of



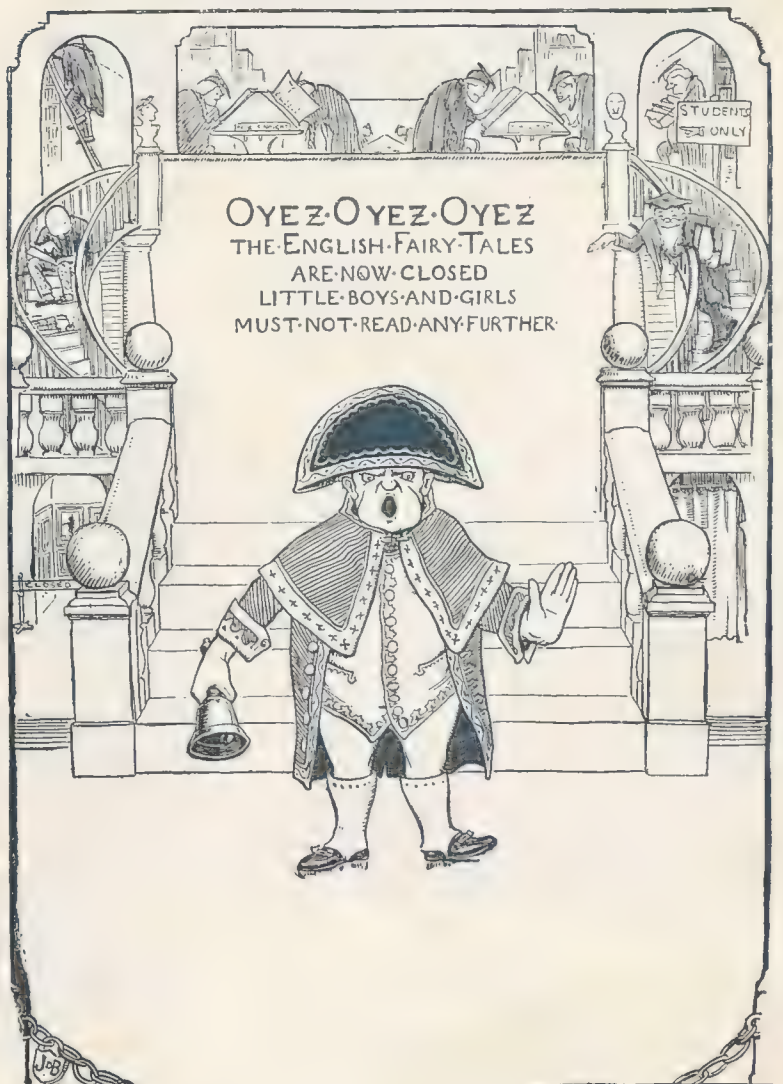
Southey's "Three Bears," "Scrapefoot"—the fox that stole into the Bears' Castle, and, climbing into their big bed, fell asleep, only to be thrown out of the window when the bears returned.

With such warning as has been given them here, "little boys and girls" will not care to enter the "Forbidden Chamber" which Mr. Jacobs has added to his book, and at the foot of the stairs to which Mr. Batten has placed the crier.

E. C.



prototype Mr. Jacobs, following some hints given by Mr. Gomme, speculates. Some further reference to this "Hickifric" are given by Mr. Halliwell in his "Nursery Rhymes and Tales of England." Mr. Jacobs writes an apologetic preface in defence of his alterations of many of the tales, and he has added a heap of learned notes to tell us where the tales came from, which do not interest us in the least, because when we read the origin and diffusion theories of the folk-lorists we know that they can never find out more than we know already—that every folk-tale had its birthplace in the heart of man, and is the offspring of his imagination. So we advise all the boys and girls who are lucky enough to get this book to skip everything in it but the tales. They can follow the Pied Piper in Mr. Jacob's version through the streets of Newtown; feast out of the food-and-drink-giving cars of the Black Bull of Norroway; laugh at the dreaming Pedlar of Swaffham; and, still more heartily, at those ancient noodles, the Wise Men of Gotham, who, among other stupid things, wanting a cuckoo to sing to them all the year, built a very high hedge to keep it in, and when the bird flew away cried out,



*"More English Fairy Tales." Collected and edited by Joseph Jacobs. Illustrated by John D. Batten. London: David Nutt.

"THE TRUE STORY BOOK." *

EDITED BY ANDREW LANG.

If I cannot constrain myself to write with too much enthusiasm of this "True Story Book," it is because it is "edited by Andrew Lang." Had I chanced to be wanting such a compilation for my reference shelf, to season an occasional "country leader" with a citation showing my



CORTÉS IN THE TEMPLE OF HUITZILPOCHTLI.
"The Conquest of Montezuma's Empire."

accomplishments in the history of adventure, I should have considered this an excellent ninepenny bargain at a bookstall. But I should still have pouted at Mr. Lang's name as editor, and for a reason. It is an unimportant statement, but I happen to be one of Mr. Lang's most devoted admirers. Abhorring politics, I read but one "leader" in any daily paper: it is the leader which Mr. Lang contributes two or three times a week to "the largest circulation of any Liberal paper in the world"—the only leader in any daily paper in Europe in which exquisite scholarship carries itself home to the penny public by force of an exquisitely humorous treatment. A while ago Mr. Lang was missing from his rostrum in Bouverie Street. We had the usual leader about Ireland—I know that, because in Bouverie Street they always head the leaders, and the one about Ireland was never lacking—and the other contributions on coal strikes, congresses, and choleras, which the editor contracts for after the season; but nothing else. The same could have been read in the *Times* or any other important organ. And it appears that during all the weeks in which I was banging my penny daily for these unprofitable fictions Mr. Lang, with the aid of sundry assistants, was marshalling anew the ghosts of Trenck, Casanova, Cellini, Prince Charlie, Cortés, the French Freebooters, and the Spartan Three Hundred. Now, if it were well to restore these "truepennies" to us once again (and there are, indeed, some among them whose company is never less than delightful), I submit that a lesser hand than Mr. Lang's might have held the showman's wand, in which case that

most delicately witty of contemporary critics could have continued to exhort me harmoniously from Bouverie Street. Here, however, is the book of true stories, and I propose to make the best of it. It has gilt edges, and a very pretty cover; the paper is good, and the type excellent. Five artists—Mr. L. Bogle, Mr. Lucien Davis, Mr. H. J. Ford, Mr. C. H. M. Kerr, and Mr. Lancelot Speed—have most admirably illustrated it. Then there is a dainty dedication in verse by Mr. Lang, who has also written a happy but too brief introduction, the tone of which, I observe with satisfaction, is becomingly apologetic.

"It cannot be denied," he confesses in the introduction, "that true stories are not so good as fairy tales." To give what fresh interest were possible to the collection, Mr. Lang, "with certain exceptions . . . has tried to find true stories rather out of the beaten paths of history." If in this good endeavour he has not been entirely successful from the point of view of the boy, it is because the unbeaten paths are seldom the most profitable to search on a mission of this nature. The best stories of real adventure are the ones that have been told to us over and over again, and those that are to be found "rather out of the beaten path" are, for the most part, of quite secondary interest. The whole field has been worked exhaustively, and the most diligent searcher can no longer bring any new thing to light which will endure to be compared with those very old things that have been read a hundred times. The stories in Mr. Lang's collection which will touch boys soonest are precisely the ones which most boys should already know by heart. Mr. Rider Haggard writes the tale of *Isandhlwana* and *Rorke's Drift*. It is not easy for Mr. Haggard to be dull over a tale of battle, but he has been more entertaining. Yet the pen with which he wrote should have been an aid to inspiration, for Mr. Haggard informs us that it was "found among the bones of the dead at Isandhlwana." Miss Wright has reduced from Prescott the adventures of Cortés, "the great original of all treasure-hunters and explorers in fiction"; but the narrative, though very well written, seems a trifle long—perhaps because it is so much shorter than Prescott's. Mrs. McCunn gives us in conscientious detail the wanderings of Prince Charlie, the feckless; but this is a book for boys, and, as the editor admits in that contrite preface, Prince Charlie "may be asked about in examinations." It is but fair to add that the boy who resigns himself to Mrs. McCunn may face examiners with confidence, so far as Prince Charlie is concerned. There seems nothing wrong about "The Escapes of Cervantes," except that Cervantes is not known to have made any escapes. "How Leif the Lucky found Vineland the Good" is one of Mr. Lang's contributions, and in this instance, at all events, no one will complain of his departure from the beaten path. His account of the two most famous inter-Varsity cricket matches is not, however, a great thing to set beside his own unapproachable ballad of the game—

The burden of hard-hitting, slog away!

There are several pirate stories, quite true ones, but I must own to a preference for the imaginary 1893 pirate recently invented by Mr. Max Pemberton. The finest stories, after all, are those of our old friends the great prison-breakers—Trenck, Casanova, Benvenuto Cellini, Cæsar Borgia, &c. There would have been no harm in including the escape of Louis Napoleon from Ham and that of Cardinal de Retz from a fortress of which I have forgotten the name; and why not also the astonishing flights of Jack Sheppard and Daniel Malden from Newgate? Mr. Lang is doubtless correct in his surmise that some of these stories contain traces of the imaginative faculty. Scarcely one of them, indeed, is credible in every particular. But a partial explanation of even the wildest and least conceivable of these doings is forthcoming when one remembers the absolute difference between the old and the new systems of prison management. Benvenuto Cellini,



THE FINDHORN.

"Adventures on the Findhorn."

confined at Wormwood Scrubbs instead of in the Castle of St. Angelo, would not enjoy the intimate society of the Governor; nor would a gentleman be appointed to the control of that establishment who was subject to periodical fits of insanity. Caesar Borgia, languishing in any one of her Majesty's prisons, would find it difficult to entertain the Chief Warder at supper, drug him, and deprive him of his keys. Trenck, under sentence of penal servitude in the present year of grace, would not be allowed to keep a pocketful of money wherewith to bribe his jailers right and left. Casanova would search long enough in the exercise yard before he laid eyes on a six-inch iron bolt to sharpen into a serviceable tool. No friend from the outer world would succeed in passing into the cell of Mr. W—s, "of M—e C—o," a sympathetic offering of a pork pie, with a gimlet and file bestowed under the crust; nor would Mr. H—s be able easily to send by the hand of a warder to his ex-partner, Mr. W—t, in the adjoining cell, a copy of Milton with a crowbar in the middle, topped and concealed by a dish of Irish stew. We have changed all that, and moral force and a marvellous system of surveillance effect much. But no considerations of altered circumstance



HE PREPARED TO ATTACK THE SENTRY.
"An Artist's Adventure."

take away from the greatness of such escapes as Trenck's, Casanova's, and Cellini's: and perhaps, notwithstanding the comparative perfection of our modern administration, it is as well for the peace of mind of prison guardians that prisoners of such heroic mould are not often under lock and key.

T. H.

A GIFT FOR MY FAIR.

What shall I give you for a gift,
To win your smile before you go?
A girdle for a tiny waist?
A bracelet for an arm of snow?

What shall I give you for a gift,
To make your cheek with pleasure glow,
To kindle gladness in your eyes,
And earn a smile before you go?

Stint not, my sweeting! Were I king,
A crown should tumble at your feet;
Or, if the world were mine to give,
The world should be your bauble, sweet.

No king am I, no world is mine,
But one poor heart that throbs for you.
Nay, take it—is it not your own?—
A human heart to break in two!

L. S.

A SEEKER AFTER HEALTH.*

The man who reads this volume will want to know when he has finished it why he is not an invalid. Some men have no luck; they have not even bronchial difficulties, or a complaint which is spelt with two "z's" and an "m" in the "select cases" list. Here they are breathing



EMBARKING FROM A SUGAR PLANTATION IN HAWAII.

in the rolling yellow fogs when the other fellow is surveying 'idols at Honolulu, or swinging into a jolly-boat from a sugar plantation in Hawaii. They read of stable temperatures at Las Palmas, of glorious days in the ultimate islands which Mr. Stevenson loves, of the rise and throb of the lonely Pacific, of years of sunshine and exquisite atmospheres, of a land to dream in, to breathe in, of a paradise which no words can paint—and these things are not for them, because no doctor hears discords in their chests, they have no complaints which cannot be spelt with vowels, they are whole and sound, and sufferers only from the flow of life. Yet, who would not be an invalid to write as Mr. Nottage writes, to journey with him as he sparkles from shore to shore and land to land, crying, in effect, "Look at me, a victim to emphysema, a poor asthmatical fellow, doomed to the deck of a yacht and an average temperature of seventy in the glorious lands of the peaceful ocean"? The very account of his case robs his ailment of half its terrors. He comes from a doctor's sanctum, and his merry laughter rings through the area as he reads the diagnosis of his disease. Undaunted by the prophecies of sudden death or great age, by the probing and the chest-searching, he gathers other invalids—aye, and strong men—to him, and says, "Come with me, and we will find a climate." He takes them trippingly, and with gloved hand, to Nice, to Mentone, to Monte Carlo. He shows them the folly of believing in such places as winter resorts. He laughs again at the sublime ignorance of a profession which treats phthisis by an application of Italian East winds. He quits the deceptions of the Riviera to see many cities and many men, but principally to bask in the dreamland by the sea-shores of the Southern Ocean. And all this results in a humorous and fascinating volume of travel and observation which has had no equal in the publishers' lists this season. Nor, indeed, have I seen more perfect reproductions in photomezzotype than these with which the London Stereoscopic Company has illustrated the book. They give us exquisite glimpses of the invalids' land—they convey that sense of atmosphere which is so difficult to convey. Altogether, the work is as praiseworthy



A GROUP OF IDOLS.

as it is invaluable to the man or woman who would seek, not only a climate, but a glimpse into these glorious islands of the sun which a town-bound man can scarcely trust himself to dream about.

M. P.

* "In Search of a Climate." By Charles G. Nottage, LL.B., F.R.G.S. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

"WILD NATURE WON BY KINDNESS." *

The above is the title of a very charming little volume written by Mrs. Brightwen, Vice-President of the Selborne Society, and just published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. The spirit of Gilbert White seems

to animate every page of Mrs. Brightwen's book, and the reader is also forcibly reminded in the course of its perusal of that phase of nature study which, in the language of Coleridge,

loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast.

There are, of course, many and diverse ways of studying animals. You may dissect them and take the anatomical view of things, which seeks to learn the wondrous details of animal build and structure, or you may study them physiologically—that is, as living, active machines; or you may interest yourself in their distribution or in their development. But there is an undeniable charm always attaching itself to the study of animals in their native haunts and to that which seeks to know something of their ways and of their characters. It is in this latter phase of



ZOE, THE NUTHATCH.

her studies that Mrs. Brightwen excels. She "loveth best all things, great and small," in the way of animals. No beast is too insignificant for her kind attention and for due encouragement in the display of its personal traits. Now it is an earwig which receives maternal attentions at Mrs. Brightwen's hands, and now an Egyptian beetle is the object of her tender care: then it is a starling, quaintest of birds, that receives her love and affection (and more than one starling), and next a toad, a gerbille, and a pigeon become the objects of her maternal solicitude. It is something remarkable, this trait of being able not only to interest one's self deeply in the ways of lower life, but still more so to encourage and develop the confidence of that lower life in the humanity which finds it an object of study. For there must be intense reciprocity throughout the entire relationship. Mrs. Brightwen was able to inspire confidence in her pets, and educated them up to the exhibition of that confidence, otherwise her best efforts to reach their sympathies would have been of none effect. Is this power peculiar to certain persons? I imagine it may be so. There are people whom



RAB MINOR, A SCOTCH TERRIER.

lower life. All the same, the study is one at which no competent biologist can afford to sneer. If only to show how our "poor relations" approach us in their mental traits (and sometimes, in truth, excel us), such observations as those Mrs. Brightwen has chronicled are distinctly valuable as contributions to the sum total of our knowledge of life.

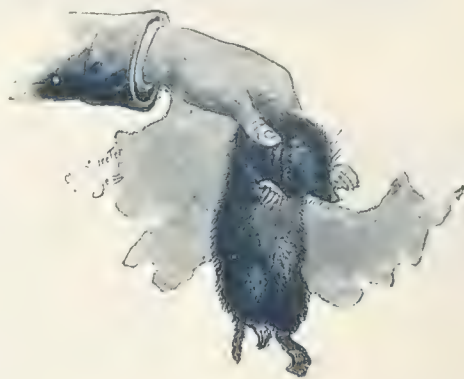
There are so many good things in this book that it is difficult to select adequate examples and illustrations of its contents. Naturally, the authoress could not omit to have a dog friend among her pets. Here is the portrait of "Rab minor," a plucky Scotch terrier, named

after that famous dog who figures in, surely, that most pathetic of all stories that was ever written, "Rab and His Friends." Like Rab major, Mrs. Brightwen's terrier was never happy "unless he was fechtin'," and a dour, determined, plucky rascal Rab minor turned out to be. The list of his accidents is a formidable one. He was run over by a cart—no bones broken, however—stabbed by burglars, and worried by a mastiff, and yet survived cheerfully, and "came up smiling," to die at the venerable age of fifteen from rheumatism, and minus an ear—this last the result of the slight difference of opinion with the mastiff. From Rab to a pair of the little rodents called gerbilles, with their long,



GERBILLES.

kangaroo-like hind limbs, is a wide transition, but Mrs. Brightwen's catholicity in the matter of pets has no bounds. They are figured in her book, and we reproduce here the drawing of these active little animals. The Hertfordshire children to whom the gerbilles were shown, as a practical illustration of a natural history lecture on kindness to animals, might well exclaim, "Why, here's a lot of moise!" and be deeply interested in the curious rodents, which, truth to tell, are, perhaps, too restless to develop into sedate and confidential pets. "Zoe," the nuthatch, was a far more entertaining friend. Zoe was regarded by the proprietor of a bird-shop as an unsaleable item in the bird line. She was a dejected, miserable, and bedraggled specimen of a bird, and for days needed Mrs. Brightwen's maternal care in order to restore her to health and vigour. Then Zoe began to climb the little tree-stem which was placed in her cage; she took a bath like a respectable and cleanly bird, plumed herself and prided herself, and in a fortnight's time was a presentable being. She kept her food in the holes she made in the tree-stem, and was full of devices and expedients in the manipulation of her beloved tree. She "had a good deal of quiet humour," as our authoress puts it, and when one looks at her portrait one may, perhaps, realise how the instinct of fun may be rather apparent than otherwise in the physiognomy of the bird. Feigning illness, too, was a habit of Zoe's, if so we may denominate the half-dead appearance she exhibited, as, with feathers ruffled, beak open, and head on one side, she lay enjoying a sun siesta. Then the end came. Zoe grew weak and ill, and drooped and died, leaving a while, as we may well understand, a gap in her owner's life. That is the worst of having pets, after all. The parting, when it comes, with your dog friend, or your pet bird, or your favourite horse, or the monkey which has been your companion for years, is a difficult affliction to bear patiently. It will be a bad day for humanity when it gets out of touch with the spirit of kindness to animals, or can look with unconcern on the loss of the pets and companions which have opened our understanding to the knowledge of the ways of the children of life.



A MOLE.

Mrs. Brightwen's starlings were examples of a bird group which is blessed with a high degree of intelligence and intellectuality. Both her pets met with a watery grave, and ended life in a somewhat tragical fashion. A less tractable pet is a mole. The illustration represents the capture of a specimen by the gardener, who held him ignominiously "by the scruff of his neck," the mole, as was natural, "kicking furiously at the indignity." Included in Mrs. Brightwen's volume, it must not be forgotten, are sketches of natural history study apart from the question of domesticating the objects studied. The admirable get-up of the volume demands a word of notice. It partakes of the character of an *édition de luxe*, and its elegant binding and tasteful head and tail pieces are in themselves an artistic delight. The figure of the wild duck which heads the table of contents is itself a little gem, whether regarded from the engraver's or the naturalist's point of view,

A. W.

MISS OLIVE SCHREINER'S NEW BOOK.*

They are all mere trifles, these stories by the author of "An African Farm," and a little unworthy of the writer, but they are also infinitely superior to the more solid food of many other modern authors, and have a peculiar quaint charm of their own. The three of them may be read in



MISS OLIVE SCHREINER. Photo by S. Barnard, Cape Town.

half an hour, and leave a natural longing for more, with a sense of disappointment at the "lightness" of an artist whose *forte* is to be "earnest," and a wish to give a friendly caution in the shape of a warning that the public expects great things of her in the place of these jewelled bubbles.

"Dream Life and Real Life" has a touch of her old description of cruelty finding forgiveness in place of retaliation. Miss Schreiner has a curious insight into the soul of slavery, and a powerful manner of depicting the degrading influence of sheer brutality on the human mind. The subject is as painful as it is true, but not very well fitted for the volume in which it appears. The description of the child's flight, of her subsequent hurried attempt to return, and the last lines of the story are wonderfully written; but the rest of it is a little disjointed, and apt to be abrupt in style.

The next sketch, "A Woman's Rose," is a beautiful poem, written in simple language, and preaching a truth that is often ignored or forgotten by the very writers who should first have remembered it. It is the tale of a woman's magnanimity and a woman's gratitude, scented by the perfume of a withered flower, and surrounding a picture, word-painted, of a girl for whose smile her successful rival, a woman, would gladly have given every masculine compliment she received. With a peculiar and distinctive charm, it is quite unlike anything else, and stands out with a notable distinctness from the other stories—a fragment as precious and as delicate as the withered blossom which gives it its name.

With less originality, "The Policy in Favour of Protection" tells an old story of useless sacrifice, and a sacrifice that depicts an impetuous lack of reasoning power in its victim, as is so often the case. The repeated cry, "Oh, it is so terrible to be a woman!" is the keynote to the little sketch. Of its cleverness there is no doubt; that it is quite worthy of its authoress we venture to question. It is immeasurably below "A Woman's Rose," which it is quite impossible to praise too highly. The little volume, looked at as a whole, is very pleasant reading, and is in any case certain of a large audience, from the very fact that it is penned by the authoress whom we first knew as "Ralph Iron."

* "Dream Life and Real Life." By Olive Schreiner. Pseudonym Library. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

MR. CRAWFORD'S "MARION DARCHE."*

Mr. Crawford has given one of his own *noms de baptême* to a very sweet, faithful, and most womanly woman. Marion Darche has made the great mistake. One man loved her, another man wanted her as a comely piece of domestic furniture. She has married the second man, John Darche, and has lived to repent it. Quite how many reasons she has for repenting it her friends do not know, and she herself does not know, at the period at which the story opens. John Darche, one of those refined villains who devote infinite pains to the art of saying polite brutalities to their wives, is the ruling spirit of a great financial concern in New York, of which his father is the nominal head. The father is old, and beginning to suffer from softening of the brain, and the son has profited by this infirmity to swindle the company royally for his private ends. There is wind of his doings, and when the story opens he is within a few steps of the dock, to answer there a charge of fraud on a stupendous scale. His wife, Marion, who has borne in patience for years the whip of his softly cruel tongue, knows nothing of this, which is presently to be the final and crowning proof of her great mistake. But she learns it quickly, for John Darche is arrested in his own house and hurried to prison. The task of defending him falls to the other man, the real lover; but the proofs are more than convincing, and Darche receives sentence of five years' imprisonment—a light sentence, which he owes to the skill of his counsel. But the sentence is never served, for there is an ingenious escape, and the wife and the defending counsel—the one prompted by wifely devotion, the other by his deep devotion to the wife—are the contrivers of it, though nobody ever knows. At this point, the plot, technically considered, is at an end. It is necessary, in order that the true lover may be kept out of his own until the end of the story, but is not quite sufficiently artistic for Mr. Marion Crawford. As a story, indeed, there is no denying that "Marion Darche" is exceedingly slender. It is also, in respect of quantity, quite exceptionally small, for the two volumes would not make one volume of the most moderate size. But it is, for all that, a story on which honest praise can be bestowed. Mr. Crawford calls it "a story without comment." It is nothing of the sort. It is full of that well-considered comment which, apart from his gift of easy, rapid, and simple narrative, makes so much of the strength



MR. MARION CRAWFORD. Photo by Sarony, New York.

of Mr. Crawford's work. Up and down these thin pages are scattered bits of reflection which are, as I have thought, the best things in the book. And I have not mentioned two other very human and winning characters—Dolly Maylands, who dissipates in charities, and Russell Vanbrugh, another lawyer, whose very manner breathes that deep-down, unobtrusive knowledge of the world which makes absolutely real so many of Mr. Crawford's smallest creations.

* "Marion Darche: A Story without Comment." By F. Marion Crawford. Two vols. London: Macmillan.

TRAMPING SOUTHWARD.*

It is always a dangerous thing for an author to put his own price upon his work. It is even more dangerous when the *ad valorem* tribute takes the form of a pretentious preface. Mr. Charles Harper deliberately sets himself a high standard in his few lines of introduction to this book by



EASTGATE, TOTNES.

a little cheap sneering at other scribes who have trodden the ground he has trod, and who are characterised by him as Yankee prigs and horribly informative persons. Cheered by this lofty altitude, the expectant reader sits at the feet of the new traveller, and composes himself to listen to teaching which shall revolutionise the art of guide-book writing. Here, he says, is an author who desires to be anything but "horribly informative"; who will not pause before a single brass; who will not budge from his path at the solicitation of the most eloquent sexton that ever croaked beneath a choir-screen. The book is opened, and the first chapter, though clever in style, dulls the awakened appetite. It is a mixture, truly, of literature of "Two Men on a Road, to say nothing of the Inn" order, and the commonplace antiquities of the every-day guide-book. On one page you have an elaborate description of the journey from Westminster Pier to Richmond, on another some reflections on Madame d'Arblay and the festive shrimp—an absurd jumble of frivol and fact, which is a prototype of much that is to come through the two hundred and sixty pages of which the book consists. Rapidly losing patience over twaddle about Windsor and the Vicar of Bray, we get on to Cliveden and to Cookham, at which point some extraordinary information is vouchsafed to us. We are told that the reaches of the old river are crowded from morn to eve in summer with boats bearing the prettiest frocks and girls imaginable—such a startling statement that special correspondents should be despatched immediately to the spot to investigate it. Elsewhere there is the same triumph of the commonplace and the categorical, which Mr. Harper himself sneers at in his preface. Yet it must be admitted readily that the book is not without merit. From time to time, as glimpses of blue sky through a November mist, there is flash of wit and

entertaining story. The descriptions of Torquay and the coast of Devon and of Cornwall are quite admirable, showing poetic feeling and artistic perception. The walking tourist who has no idea of his own may put by the tome for use next summer with advantage. It will help him even to the details of his luncheon and his dinner. He may prime himself with Richard Carew's songs in that quaint work where the singing surveyor mapped Cornwall. He may have a hundred inscriptions from blackening brasses wherewith to spend cheerful evenings by the sea-shore, and may pose as a person of undoubted, if dull, antiquarian learning. In any case, he will not expend his money to idle purpose, for the pictures by the author are indisputably valuable. His sketches of Winchester, of Exeter, and of scenes in the remoter south do him infinite credit, and here and there one meets with a bit of humour or of picturesque felicity which is quite out of the common. The text, however, begets weariness of the flesh, and is altogether unpardonable.

A TEETOTAL ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC.

In the northern part of the Sea of Japan, some forty miles distant from the large island of Ezo, lies a tiny island called Okushiri. Its soil is fertile, but the chief pursuit of the people is fishing. Every spring, says the *Japan Mail*, great shoals of herring approach the coast, and the fish are easily captured. Living thus in ease and plenty, the people might be expected to develop qualities usually incidental to such circumstances, and they appear to have fallen pretty freely into the vice of drunkenness. In 1885 there were some 260 souls in the island. They possessed only four fixed nets. They lived in houses thatched with coarse grass; they had scarcely any roads, and they could boast only a single school. Yet they consumed annually £600 worth of *saki*, in addition to *schochu* and other strong drinks. In the face of this reckless outlay for liquor, the people often suffered severely from hunger and cold during the winter, the price of rice ranging very high in the midwinter months, and the dwelling-houses being ill-adapted to exclude the inclement atmosphere. These circumstances induced some bold men among them to openly denounce the excessive use of alcoholic beverages as the cause of all the people's sufferings, and to preach the necessity of applying to useful purposes the funds thus squandered. The crusade provoked violent opposition, but in 1884 the inhabitants were induced to enter into an agreement by which the 117 inhabitants pledged themselves to abandon wholly the sale, purchase, and use of alcoholic beverages. The consequences of this covenant were very marked. It was rigorously observed. Even Government officials, whatever their rank, had to give up drinking *saki* when they visited the island, and, as a matter of course, every dramster who could not reform was compelled to take his departure. Order, thenceforth, reigned completely, and prosperity came with rapid strides. The population increased five-fold in five years, and the capital invested in the fishing industry ten-fold. Reed-thatches were replaced by shingles. Four large granaries were kept full of rice, and, in addition, each house had a store. Statistics also show a marked decrease of crime, and so famous did the success of the experiment become that a large community of settlers in the neighbouring island of Ezo pledged themselves to a covenant similar to Okushiri and with similarly happy results. Finally, we may add that when the five years originally contemplated by the covenant expired it was renewed for another term of five years, despite the opposition of an influential local official.



EXETER CATHEDRAL: WEST FRONT.

* "From Paddington to Penzance." By Charles G. Harper. London: Chatto and Windus.

AN ILLUSTRATOR OF CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

A MONOGRAPH OF MRS. SEYMOUR LUCAS.

Absolutely the most universal experience in life is that of childhood. Sympathy, therefore, with that estate is at once a personal feeling, rising



Photo by F. Dickens, Sloane Street, S.W.

MRS. SEYMOUR LUCAS.

almost to self-love, so that with anyone who paints "childhood's hour" we are immediately *en rapport*; and when the depicor of the attractiveness, simplicity, innocence, and helplessness of child life is one of first rank his or her work is certain to strike a vibrating chord which will instantly find an echo in the heart of every child, including him "of larger growth."

One of the most charmingly sympathetic delineators of children is, undoubtedly, Mrs. Seymour Lucas—for many years known in the art world as Marie Cornillisen before and also after her marriage—the wife of the well-known historical painter and A.R.A. Her successes in drawing children, apart from her talents as an artist, may be traced to her intense love of them, her complete sympathy with them, and the deep insight into their whims and ways which that sympathy affords, while her fine sense of colour may not too improbably be inherited from Peter Paul Rubens himself, from whom she is descended on the father's side. Her deep feeling in her subject is conspicuous by the total absence of the affectations of art. Her work is completely reflective of the simplicity and purity of childhood, and is couched in the most pleasing spirit. It was at the Suffolk Street Gallery that Mrs. Seymour Lucas first struck the artistic note of her subsequent career. At once she was recognised as heralding in work which would be a continuing pleasure to young and old. The immediate outcome of the exhibition as regards herself was a commission from the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* to paint a series of typical pictures of children, some of which may be remembered, as "Old Mother Hubbard," "Little Red Riding Hood," &c. But perhaps the younger generation made her more intimate acquaintance between the covers of those delightful story-books which she illustrated at the suggestion of Messrs. Griffith and Farran, the well-known publishers, to whom we are indebted for some of the blocks which originally embellished the pages of "Granny's Story-Box," "Granny's Wonderful Chair," and "Told by the Fireside." Would that "process" work could but reproduce a few only of the ineffably beautifully coloured pictures of child life, such as,

for instance, the representation of two little angels in their night-gowns, peeping round a curtain with affrighted eyes on a kitten playing on the keyboard of a piano, and entitled "The Ghost"; or two little mites of children engaged in a bolster match; or, again, three pretty cherubs conspiring outside their father's bed-room door how to give him a present. Art and actuality—our own motto, by-the-way—animate every drawing coming from Mrs. Seymour Lucas's brush. For the most part, she illustrates the tales which the most expert of story-tellers have written, but in some cases her hand has given thought and idea to another's pen. Her children are always beings instinct with life, not puppets, or mere figments of the brain, but actually drawn from the professional models whose rosy faces and laughing eyes brighten the artist's studio. Some of these youngsters get the chance of being immortalised extremely early in their career. For Mrs. Seymour Lucas's picture of "Weighed in the Balance and Found Wanting"—now being exhibited at Liverpool, and depicting Cupid, with ruffled feathers, in the tell-tale scale—an infant six months old "sat," or shall we say reclined?

Then, in last year's Royal Academy Exhibition everyone will be able to recall her row of little school children singing "We are but little weak children," words which gave the title to the work, while another recent picture, deeply imbued with pathetic feeling, and painted for the Yorkshire branch of the Waifs and Strays Society, depicts two wretched little human specimens of the flotsam and jetsam of life crouching in their raggedness, emaciation, and hunger on a doorstep. Another work of special importance, which was hung on the line at the Royal Academy, and which was honoured by reproduction in the Chicago illustrated catalogue, was a life-size ideal portrait of the youthful King Henry VI.; while "The Tyrant of the Manor," representing a youngster, dressed after the Stuart period, in the act of sliding out of a huge carved Elizabethan chair, was selected by Sir Frederick Leighton to adorn one of the National Galleries of the colonies.

In a delightful conversation I had with Mrs. Seymour Lucas a few days ago, I ventured to ask her opinion on a few points which then occurred to me with reference to juvenile literature, and I found she is greatly in-favour of fairy stories as helping to strengthen the imaginative faculty, while, for the most part, they conjured up the beautiful, creating a most beneficial influence on the child's mind; and for the same reason she deprecated the circulation of books of the Struvel-Peter type, as being unnatural and hideous in tone. As illustrators of story-books, Mrs. Seymour Lucas spoke in laudatory terms of Kenny Meadows, Doré, Walter Crane, and Caldecott, and expressed her opinion that in telling a fairy story no one approached Charles Perrault.

I am afraid she is not much in sympathy with scholastic training for the young. She seems to think the routine "mill" of study tends to destroy all the individuality in children, which is one of their most marked possessions. Presently the conversation wandered to the young impressionist school, to which I was pleased to find my companion was considerably opposed, as it encouraged a uniformity in art production as monotonous as it is contrary to the true sentiment of feeling which should actuate all artistic work. Then she regretted that French training in landscape painting was rapidly pushing its way into vogue, giving us such sombre pictures of grey-green colours, entirely antagonistic in point of nature to the bright colouring of English landscape generally.



ILLUSTRATION BY MRS. SEYMOUR LUCAS IN "TOLD BY THE FIRESIDE."

Reproduced by kind permission of Griffith and Farran.

A CHRONICLE OF CARICATURE.*



In speaking of Mrs. Seymour Lucas as a painter of child life, I must not omit to allude to her artistic successes with other subjects, of which her exhibited portrait of Miss Herbert, of Clytha, her *genre* picture of Marguerite in last year's Royal Academy, and her delightful representation of a young girl trying on an Empire bonnet before a looking-glass, and entitled "The Latest," are a few examples occurring to me. However, it matters little to what subject Mrs. Seymour Lucas applies her brush: there is always the same suggestiveness of the beautiful and the true which constitutes the real essence of art.

T. H. L.



"OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER."—C. H. BENNETT.

From "Shadow and Substance."

Dr. Johnson calls it "an exaggerated resemblance in drawings," and a glance at the specimens of caricature about the century's birth shows the exaggeration much more obviously than the drawing. The coarseness of Gillray and Rowlandson matches the grossness of society's manners and morals when George III. was King. But the boisterous merriment of their own generation, doubtless, rewarded their exaggerations, for they were genuinely comic in their way. Napoleon was their *pièce de résistance*. "Gillray," says Mr. Everitt, "is a fair exponent of the intense hatred with which Bonaparte was regarded in this country, when not only 'the little Corsican,' but those about him, were held up to a ridicule which, oftentimes vulgar, partook not infrequently of absolute brutality. About the same time Rowlandson occupied his pencil in satirising the amours of the Duke of York and the notorious Mary Anne Clarke, more than forty sketches, for the most part indecent, being the result.

During the American War and the trial of Queen Caroline the caricaturists were by no means idle. None of the sketches, however, generally published by S. W. Fores, seem to have been the work of genius, and many were anonymous productions. At the time of the royal divorce Isaac Robert Cruikshank enjoyed a brief celebrity as a graphic satirist, but he was destined to be eclipsed by his greater brother.

* "English Caricaturists and Graphic Humourists of the Nineteenth Century." By Graham Everitt. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

George Cruikshank's star arose just sixty years ago, when a writer in *Blackwood* (supposed to be Lockhart) hailed him as the possessor of "genius in its truest sense—strong, original English genius," while he rated him for having "no plan—almost no ambition—and, I apprehend, not much industry." Men of genius are not unfrequently



SAM WELLER AND HIS FATHER.—"PHIZ."
From "Master Humphrey's Clock."

their own worst enemies, but George Cruikshank seems to have been afflicted with this spirit of "cussedness" in a quite remarkable degree. At the outset of his career political and social pictorial satire absorbed his energies, one of his happiest efforts in this direction being the "Scene in Kensington Gardens" which accompanies this article. For us, however, his fame chiefly rests on his inimitable book illustrations. Perhaps we scarcely realise how great a debt both Scott and Dickens owed to his co-operation—certainly Dickens did not. "The quaint dry humour of the author of 'Waverley,'" says Mr. Everitt, "exactly suited the quaint imaginings of our artist. Both Scott and Cruikshank delighted in the supernatural and the marvellous, and this is why some of the most characteristic of the artist's designs are to be found in his illustrations to the *Waverley Novels*." At the time Dickens began to write Cruikshank had already made a reputation. In the preface to the "Sketches by Boz" the young author expressed his delight at having secured "an artist so distinguished" to illustrate him. This pair of humourists ran in double harness for a brief period, but the end of "Oliver Twist" saw the end of their amity. Dickens was notoriously dictatorial, and Cruikshank more than common quarrelsome. Though the breach was to be regretted on some grounds, it is evident that this artist could have done but scant justice to many of the novelist's subsequent creations. "Only fancy," as Mr. Everitt puts it, "what horrors he would have made of Dolly Varden, of Edith Dombey, of Little Em'ly, or dear, gentle, loving Little Nell!"

The feud with Dickens was followed by a bitterer one with Bentley, for whose *Miscellany* Cruikshank had illustrated Harrison Ainsworth's novels and others. For three years he remained on the staff of *Ainsworth's Magazine*, till the inevitable quarrel with the author of "Jack Sheppard" severed that connection also. Then about 1849 came that curious revulsion of his whole nature and personality. He became a convert to total abstinence and a fanatical propagandist forthwith, forgetting that his talents lay, not in the tongue, but in the hand and head. Henceforward George Cruikshank was no longer a great artist in satire, but a very indifferent temperance lecturer. "To what base uses," &c.

A complete innovation in this art of caricature was inaugurated by John Doyle, author of the famous "H.B." sketches. From this new departure dates the modern cartoon. To satirise political problems and public men without vulgarity or buffoonery was a new idea, and it caught on immensely. The peculiarity of these sketches lay in

the fact, as Mr. Everitt explains it, "that, while the subjects are treated with a distinctly sarcastic humour, there is an absence of anything approaching to exaggeration, and the likenesses of the persons represented are most faithfully preserved." Thus did "H.B." immortalise the men of his day, with a fidelity that is really marvellous—the Dukes of Cumberland and Wellington, George and William Fourth of their name, Louis Philippe, Lord Brougham, Colonel Sibthorpe, Daniel O'Connell, Lord John Russell, Palmerston, Melbourne, and many another. He knew how to preserve the likeness and make the person appear comic at the same time. "*Enfin nous sommes tous comiques*," as Stanislaus remarks to the outraged spouse of Francillon.

The space remaining to me is quite inadequate to do justice to the record of two other masters in the art of graphic satire—John Leech and Hablot Knight Browne. "The Children of the Mobility"—seven lithographs, dealing with the humorous and pathetic episodes of the London street arabs—first brought John Leech into the front rank, and led to his engagement on *Bentley's Miscellany*. After ten years on its pictorial staff, he joined *Punch* in 1841, and the supreme efforts of his genius were offered to the public in its pages. Thackeray himself bore testimony to the value of his services when he said, in reviewing his friend's contributions, "There is no blinking the fact that in Mr. Punch's cabinet John Leech is the right-hand man." Besides the *Punch* cartoons he did a good deal of book illustration, notably some of the "Ingoldsby Legends," Albert Smith's "Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," and Surtees' sporting novels. But the strain proved all too great for nerve and brain. Change of scene in Germany and change of air at Whitby failed to restore a terribly impaired constitution; and in October of 1864 John Leech laid down his pencil for ever.

That "*les beaux-esprits se rencontrèrent*" is especially true of humourists of the pen and of the brush. "Phiz," the syllable under which Hablot Browne veiled his identity, will go down to posterity as an illustrator of Dickens. The pictorial portion of "Nicholas Nickleby," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Dombey and Son," "Bleak House," and "Master Humphrey's Clock" belong to his fame. Yet in Mr. Everitt's judgment, at least, the talents of "Phiz" were not of the highest order, and it is certain that his early decline in popular estimation was recognised and deplored by himself. "Oh! I'm weary, I'm weary of this illustration business!" he wrote once to his son, a remark which goes to prove that it is occasionally possible to be comic with an aching heart. The great success of "Phiz" in giving us the various types of characters made classic by Charles Dickens is always being proved by the failure of modern artists to compete with him in this department of illustration work.

A crowd of lesser lights naturally enter into Mr. Everitt's chronicle. One of the most original of these was Charles H. Bennett. A series of his "developments," published in one of the comic papers of the day concurrently with Charles Darwin's work, and dedicated to him, throw a light on the "origin of species" which must have vastly amused the learned philosopher. As Mr. Everitt's work ceases with the death of John Leech, he avoids the delicate task of criticising and classifying the living. He confesses, however, that he does not think much of them, for caricature, as he understands it, went out with the wood-engraver. Yet the comic artist seems as much with us as the poor. He may even be said to toil all night, but of real laughter-compelling power he seems as yet to have caught nothing.

R. D.



A SCENE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS, OR FASHIONS AND FRIGHS OF 1820.—GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

MR. NISBET BAIN'S "HANS ANDERSEN." *

Great justice has been done at last to Hans Christian Andersen. This is a sumptuous volume, and a worthy one. Hans would have carried it round, crowing with delight, to all the families at whose houses he

in that "no writer of equal genius can bear to be so literally translated as he. His meaning is, generally, transparently obvious, and his Danish is perfectly simple and straightforward." Fortunately for English readers, the most inadequate translation cannot quite destroy the ineffable and imperishable charm of these stories, airy and fantastic as the charm is—cannot always keep back the laughter or keep down the tears. Something

of the spirit of the original clings to the inmost boggle of a rendering in any foreign tongue. Here, however, we may read without the uncomfortable feeling that Hans is reproaching us from the spheres for not having taken the trouble to master him in the original, and enjoy the real sweets which his own hand prepared for us.

It was long before Hans Andersen strayed into the path of his true calling in letters that he found what the critic Brandes so aptly names "his right tinder-box." His early adventures as he describes them in the "wonder story" of his life, and as Mr. Nisbet Bain has sketched them in his introductory essay, are at once ludicrous and pathetic, and some of them "almost incredible." It was well for the "sensitive hobbledehoy" of fourteen, with his "almost comical ugliness," that "his self-confidence was always in excess of his shyness," for he must otherwise have made bad weather of it when he was first groping for fortune or a livelihood in the capital. Luckily, too, he was seldom quite friendless,



THE MERMAID HOLDING THE PRINCE'S HEAD ABOVE WATER.

visited; he would have been prouder of Hans Christian Andersen than he had ever been before, and that is not a little to say. Mr. R. Nisbet Bain's translation of "The Little Mermaid, and Other Stories" is infinitely the best that I have read. It is spirited, graceful, and literary, missing neither the whimsical humour nor the delicate, unstrained pathos of the Danish magician. As for Mr. J. R. Weguelin's illustrations, it would scarcely be possible to overpraise them; the pencil can do no more for Andersen than Mr. Weguelin has done for him here. The publishers have evidently given him *carte blanche*, and they are not likely to regret either their choice of an artist or the free terms of his commission. It is curious that we should have had to wait so long for so fine and faithful a presentation of Hans Andersen. Mr. Bain observes truly in his entertaining and critical introduction that in no country is Andersen so well known and so highly appreciated as in England; yet he has been unhappy, to say the least of it, in the majority of his English translators. And the faults of the great Dane's translators are the less deserving of condonation

* "The Little Mermaid, and Other Stories." By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. London: Lawrence and Bullen.



THE LITTLE MERMAID.

and in later years he was able to say of his life—in the first sentence of the autobiography—with that delightfully naïve egoism of his, that "it is a lovely story." He had written all sorts of things—poems, plays, sketches of travel, and a novel or two—before he found that "right tinder-box" in Elf-land. The critics, almost with one consent, had abused him, comic poets had satirised him; but he kept on pegging away, always persuaded that his latest was "incomparably his best work," always "sustained by the fixed idea that his universal genius was bound to succeed in the long run." It was in his thirty-first year, a few months after the completion of the novel "Improvisatoren" (upon which a snob of a poet lectured him publicly in the antechamber of Christian VIII.), that Andersen published that first "little volume of tales for children" which contained "The Tinder-Box," "Little Claus and Big Claus," "The Princess on the Pea," and "Little Ida's Flowers." Mr. Bain quotes at this point a fine passage from Brandes, to which allusion has already been made. "After a long fumbling about, after many years of aimless wandering . . . Andersen found himself standing one evening outside a little, unpretentious but mysterious door, the door of Fairy Tale; he touched it, it flew open, and he saw, sparkling inside there in the darkness, the little tinder-box which was to be his Aladdin's lamp. He struck fire with it, and the Spirits of the Lamp—the dogs with the eyes like tea-cups, like mill-wheels, and like the Round Tower—stood by him and brought him the three huge chests full of all the fairy copper money, silver money, and gold money. The first fairy tale was there, and it drew all the others after it."



THE MARSH KING'S DAUGHTER.



R. B. G. 1893.

THE PRINCE MEETS THE MERMAID.

We may just pause to note that Hans himself was not at all aware that he had found the "right tinder-box," and that (which was unusual with him) he does not seem to have set at first any particular value upon the fairy tales. To be sure, he had not much encouragement to do so. The critics who did not neglect them entirely were generally agreed to snub them. "I reaped a harvest of blame," says Andersen in the autobiography. Some of the critics thought the tales were "rather childish than child-like." Others considered them not quite decent! One purist "hardly ventured to recommend them as harmless reading." Several friends counselled him to "abstain entirely from writing tales," for which he had "no talent"; others, a trifle more generous, said the author had "better, first of all, study the French fairy tale." "Only a single eye," says Mr. Bain, "saw more deeply into the matter, but that eye happened to be the clearest in Denmark. Hans Christian Ørsted assured Andersen that, while the 'Improvisatoren' would make him famous, the fairy tales would make him immortal." Poor Hans himself was considerably perplexed, but, on the whole, inclined to believe that the public verdict was the true one. Indeed, at this time his most sincere conviction seems to have been that, whereas he had taken a great step forward with the "Improvisatoren," he had taken a step backward with the fairy tales. "I would willingly," he protests, "have discontinued writing them." But this was to contemplate the impossible, to attempt to put aside the hand of Fate. Brandes' *Spirits of the Lamp* were already standing beside Hans Andersen; he could not leave off writing the fairy tales, because "they forced themselves from me." A second volume followed, and a third; and then, in a little while, he notes with boyish pleasure that no Christmas-tree was considered fitly furnished unless Hans Andersen dangled from one of the boughs. The fairy tales went far and wide; the magician had cast his spell over Europe. Andersen himself has told us the secret of their extraordinary influence, of their undying charm, and Mr. Nisbet Bain states it with even greater lucidity. It is that all previous fairy tales "had been written for children," while

Andersen's "were *told* to them." He set out from the first to tell the story upon paper exactly in the language and with the very expressions he had used in relating them by word of mouth to successive audiences of little ones. Thus Hans Andersen became at once, and has remained, the master in that "merry court of justice over shadow and substance, over the outward shell and the inward kernel," which is the fairy tale. T. H.

AN EMBASSY.

Lady, in a rout of rhymes
I have stumbled many times,
Seeking from them all to find
Those the fittest to my mind—
Those the worthiest to sue
For a touch or look from you.

Yet none have so much of grace
As deserves to see your face;
None so rich as may command
To be touched by your soft hand;
None deserve the Paradise
That is lighted by your eyes.

Yet they come about me so,
Clasp me, will not let me go,
Tease me, please me, beg me choose
Each for such imperial use,
That at last I send you these—
Weaklings, as your Highness sees.

Mere ambassadors are they,
Sent from Rhymeland, far away.
This their message is: "Fair star,
All the rhymes your servants are:
Pity our unworthiness,
Yet accept us none the less!" E. N.



R. B. G. 1893.

"WE HAVE NO IMMORTAL SOUL."

AFRICAN TALES.*

Mr. Henry M. Stanley's last contribution to African literature takes the form of a small volume of mythical stories, entitled "My Dark Companions and Their Strange Stories." These stories are represented to be examples of Central African lore and oral literature, translated into



English by Mr. Stanley, to whom they were originally related by African natives during his several journeys of exploration in the Dark Continent. There are in all nineteen stories, the majority relating to the fanciful vagaries of wild animals, who are supposed to possess the faculty of speech. From the point of view of the general reader the subject-matter of many of the myths will be found tiresome, and altogether lacking in power to command sympathy; but to those who appreciate the folk-lore of primitive races there is much in this little volume that will command attention, several of the stories being original in conception and subtle in moral. It is to be regretted that Mr. Stanley has not interwoven more of the element of human nature into the collection. There are but few touches of character, and the stories are unrelieved by local colour. Eastern influence is clearly noticeable, therefore, in nearly all the fables, and it is difficult to detect the genuine native narratives from those which have filtered through East Africa from Zanzibar. An instance of this is to be found in the story entitled "The Goat, the Lion, and the Serpent," related by Baruti, as being a fable which was told to him when a child among the Basoko.

The story opens with the following paragraph—

A Goat and a Lion were travelling together one day on the outskirts of a forest, at the end of which there was a community of mankind comfortably huddled within a village, which was fenced round with tall and pointed stakes. The Goat said to the Lion, "Well, now, my friend, where do you come from this day?"

"I have come from a feast that I have given many friends of mine—to the leopard, hyena, wolf, jackal, wild cat, buffalo, zebra, and many more. The long-necked giraffe and dew-lapped eland were also there, as well as the springing antelope."

It is, perhaps, but a matter of small moment, and yet it is a matter worthy of passing notice, that Baruti's imaginative faculty must have been extraordinary, seeing that his tribe are altogether unacquainted with such animals as the lion, the zebra, and the long-necked giraffe. The Basoko tribe, who live at the confluence of the Aruimi and the Congo, are virtually forest-dwellers, who were first discovered by Mr. Stanley in his great trans-continental journey in '77. There being, practically, no intercourse or communication between the Basoko and the tribes who dwell in the nearest open country, hundreds of miles away—where the lion, the zebra, and the giraffe are to be found—this fact must necessarily disparage the scientific value of what is represented to be a genuine fable of a Central African tribe.

One of the most interesting stories is entitled "The Creation of Man," a highly imaginative theory to account for the origin and development of the human race—

In the sky there was only the Moon glowing and shining, on the earth there was but this one Toad. It is said that they met and conversed together, and that one day the Moon said to him—

"I have an idea. I propose to make a man and a woman to live on the fruits of the earth, for I believe that there is rich abundance of food on it fit for such creatures."

"Nay," said the Toad, "let me make them, for I can make them fitter for the use of the earth than thou canst, for I belong to the earth, while thou belongest to the sky."

The Toad grew great with his conception, until it ripened and issued out in the shape of twin beings, full-grown male and female. These were the first like our kind that ever trod the earth. The Moon beheld the event with rage, and left his place in the sky to punish the Toad, who had infringed the privilege that he had thought to reserve for himself. He came direct to Toad's pool, and stood blazingly bright over it.

The Moon advanced upon Toad, and the fierce sparks from his burning face were shot forth, and fell upon Toad until he was consumed.

The Moon then bathed in the pool, that the heat of his anger might be moderated, and the water became so heated that it was like that which is in a pot over a fire, and he stayed in it until the hissing and bubbling had subsided.

Then the Moon rose out of the pool and sought the creatures of Toad, and when he had found them he called them unto him; but they were afraid and hid themselves.

At this sight the Moon smiled, as you sometimes see him on fine nights, when he is a clear white, and free from stain or blur, and he was pleased that Toad's creatures were afraid of him. "Poor things!" said he, "Toad has left me much to do yet before I can make them fit to be the first of earthly creatures." Saying which, he took hold of them, and bore them to the pool wherein he had bathed, and which had been the home of Toad. He held them in the water for some time, tenderly bathing them, and stroking them here and there, as a potter does to his earthenware, until he had moulded them into something similar to the shape we men and women possess now.

"The City of the Elephants" is suggestive of genuine native origin, perhaps more than any other story, its simplicity being in pleasant contrast to the flowery style which is adopted in relating many of the other highly complicated and aimless flights of undisciplined imagination. The little volume is illustrated by Mr. Walter Buckley, but the artist has failed to impart African character to his drawings, and many of his representations of African animals are grotesquely inaccurate. H. W.



* "My Dark Companions and Their Strange Stories." By Henry M. Stanley. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES AT HOME.

A GOSSIP—NOT AN INTERVIEW.

A gossip with a great man is ever so much more interesting than a mere interview. And this is a gossip.

When the maid had taken in my name she came back with the message, Would I sit down in the shade of the verandah until the Doctor had finished dinner? Flowers climbed over the verandah, and their scent and the hum of bees were in all the air. Subsequently the Doctor's coachman told me the house had no name. It needed none to "locate" it, as the American speech is.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's summer home! Tut! anybody in Boston could tell that—at Beverly Farms, a score of miles along the coast. Blinking like a great diamond, I could see the great Atlantic round the corner of the verandah.

"Well, was I just one of his ordinary callers, or did I come for some special purpose?" So the Doctor, with an honestly substantial handshake, and a playful glint in his eye, greeted me in the library.

At the window was his desk, with a small library—a working library—rising handily up from it. The Bible, "Chambers's Encyclopædia," William Cullen Bryant's poems, Milton, "Cruden's Concordance," "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations," Boyd's "Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews"—these were some of the books. Among the pictures on the wall hung one of an old bookworm, who had climbed up a set of steps in search of a book, and was now stretching out to dangerous lengths for it, utterly unmindful of the gradual desertion of him by the steps. Altogether, the brightness of the room was just in harmony with the brightness, the vigorous vivacity, the almost youthful sparkle of its occupant. Probably there is only one other man with a world-wide reputation at once so venerable and so youthful as Wendell Holmes.

Something served to bring up the fact that Gladstone and Wendell Holmes were born in the same year.

"Yes," remarked the Doctor; "there is only four months between us. I have, need I say, the highest admiration for Mr. Gladstone. His Home Rule undertaking is a wonderful task for so old a man—immense, colossal! But, do you know, no man is ever too old to undertake anything in the nature of what he has been accustomed to. It is when a man come to years undertakes something new to him that he feels his years—then, and not till then. All his life Mr. Gladstone has been labouring away at difficult legislation, and in that fact is one explanation of the lightness with which he carries his burden to-day. I heard Mr. Gladstone speak in the House of Commons on Home Rule in 1886. It was, I remember, a fine speech. Shall I go to England again? Ah, I'm afraid not. I suffered somewhat from asthma while on the sea. You see, I was not doing what I had been accustomed to."

Flowers, the subject of flowers, suggested by the beds and bushes of them embowering the whole place, cropped up.

"Oh, yes," was the comment, "I like flowers very much, all kinds of them. But my last birthday I got so many of them by way of congratulation that they hardly left room for myself. That sand-glass on the mantelshelf, with sand in it from the desert, is a birthday present. So is this gold spoon," holding up the spoon of an after-dinner cup of coffee that had been brought in with a hospitable second cup for the stranger. "Sent to me from Rome by a lady, and, notice, it has a goose on the top of it. Wasn't complimentary, was it, to send me a spoon with a goose? But it's the goose that saved Rome, which makes all the difference."

"The goose that saved Rome," I ventured, "prompts me to ask your receipt for saving youth to ripe years."

"Ah!"—with a quizzical laugh—"you want to know my habits in eating and sleeping, and so on. Simple enough; just like anybody else's. I am called in the morning a quarter after seven, then breakfast—coffee and bread-and-butter and fish or a couple of eggs—at

half-past eight. In the forenoon I walk—sometimes a fairly long walk; in the afternoon I drive for a couple of hours and receive anybody who may call. Is that enough? You can hardly say that I had ducks for dinner the other day, ducks sent me by a friend, and capital ducks, too. I'm never to bed until after eleven, and as to literary work, always something, only I suffer a little from weak eyes. I can't myself possibly get through the letters I receive or the books and manuscripts that are sent me. However, my secretary, who is away just now, manages the letters very well. About the books sent me by authors, here would be the average history of them: a book gets on the breakfast table, perhaps, then to a shelf in the library, then to a higher shelf, then to the highest, and, lastly, to the book hospital at the top of the house. What will happen to the contents of the book hospital one day, I'm sure I can't say."

"Did you ever discover a genius among the young authors who send you manuscripts and books to look at?"

"Bret Harte has told me that in his early days I wrote him a letter of encouragement. Until he mentioned the thing, I had forgotten all about it. Talent I have several times discovered."

By way of sampling his correspondents, Wendell Holmes picked up a book the post had just brought him. It was an epic poem, and there was to be another volume of it. I wonder if that epic poem is still on the breakfast table, or if it is climbing the shelves of the library.

But now the hour had approached when the Doctor must ride; indeed, the carriage was waiting. Then giving me a copy of the photograph here produced—his latest, as also, perhaps, his favourite one—reminded him that when in England he was caricatured by *Vanity Fair*.

"An excellent caricature," he merrily declared, "confoundedly like me, though I should say even uglier than I."

Next, 'twas a kindly "Come, I'll drive you to the station"—and that's all.



Photo by Notman Photo Company, Park Street, Boston, U.S.A

LATEST PORTRAIT OF DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE OLD PLAYGOER.*

Mr. Andrew Lang remarked the other day that he was afraid a collection of "first-night" criticisms of the English drama would not make inspiring reading. He was fresh from a volume of Jules Lemaitre's "Impressions de Théâtre," and it must be owned that Mr. Joseph Knight's recollections of the play do not fall into the same category with the French critic's philosophical and æsthetic studies. But "Theatrical Notes" pretends to be no more than "a contribution to stage history." It consists of articles published in the *Athenæum* between November 1874 and

January 1880, and dealing with a variety of plays and players in a manner not specially remarkable, perhaps, for critical insight or for any great range of ideas, but reflecting accurately enough the impressions of a veteran playgoer. It would have been better if Mr. Knight had excised much of that writing which makes the padding of theatrical "notices." For example, what conceivable suggestion is conveyed by this kind of information?—"Mr. Kendal revealed, as Captain Beaulerc, the hero, an amount of force that he has not previously displayed, and carried off the honours of the evening. Mrs. Kendal played Dora in her best manner, and realised fully the mingled humiliation and indignation, beneath which the wronged wife is crushed." Sometimes these perfunctory judgments are positively misleading: "Mrs. Bancroft's Comtesse Zicka, the abstractor of the missing papers ('abstractor' is good), was a capital picture in a line altogether unlike any in which the actress has previously been seen." To anybody who never saw Mrs. Bancroft in this particular part in "Diplomacy" Mr. Knight's "capital picture" must mean what in all probability he never intended it to mean. The phrase is simply an escape from the necessity of saying anything definite about Mrs. Bancroft, whose Zicka was the one thoroughgoing blunder of her career. The truth is that Mr. Knight is a genial optimist, who is quite content to reprint, after the lapse of many years, such a profound and weighty opinion as that "the acting and mounting left little to desire."

* "Theatrical Notes." By Joseph Knight. London: Lawrence and Bullen.

A COLONIAL ROMANCE.*

Mr. Medland, Prime Minister of the colony of New Lindsey, is the central figure of this story. He is only half a hero, because his career is ruined by the revelation that in his early years he ran away with another man's wife. At a critical moment in Medland's political



Photo by J. Thompson, Grosvenor Street, W.

"ANTHONY HOPE."

fortunes the husband, who had never sued for a divorce, demands blackmail. Failing to frighten the Premier into giving him an appointment, he sells his secret to an opponent of Medland's, and, with £500 in his pocket, is murdered by a Frenchman, who happens to be one of Medland's party organisers. The Prime Minister is nominally a widower, and he inspires a hero-worship in the aristocratic sister of Lord Eynesford, the Governor of the island. Her romantic faith receives a fatal shock when the truth about Medland is known, but she cherishes his memory years after his death, and apparently remains unmarried for his sake. This is a bare outline of a story which is not in itself characteristic of Mr. Hope's best work. The merit of the book lies, not in its tragedy—which is too slightly handled to make any strong impression—but in the incidental sketches of colonial politics and society. Medland is the leader of the Labour party, and his advent to power causes much consternation in the Governor's family circle. Lady Eynesford is confronted by the terrible necessity of "receiving" a politician whom she regards instinctively as a mixture of a burglar and a tipsy navvy. Mr. Medland does not in the least correspond to any such fancy picture, but his manners are sufficiently informal. When he arrives at Government House to transact the usual preliminaries of forming a Ministry, he is observed by Lady Eynesford and her friends, who are taking tea in the garden. "'Awful!' said Lady Eynesford in a whisper. 'He wants a new coat,' said Captain Haseltine. 'He looks rather interesting, I think,' said Alicia. Meanwhile, Mr. Medland walked up to the door and rang the bell. He was received by Jackson, the butler, and Jackson was flanked by his footmen. Jackson politely concealed his surprise at not seeing a carriage-and-pair, and stated that his Excellency would receive Mr. Medland at once. 'I hope I haven't kept him waiting,' answered Medland; 'the pony's lame, and I had to walk.' The footmen, young, raw, and English, almost smiled. A Premier dependent on one pony! Jackson redoubled his obsequious attentions. The Governor used to say that he wished his wife had imbibed the constitutional spirit as readily as Jackson." This is the real flavour of the book, and it is in this contrast between the simplicity of New Lindsey politics and the grandiose trappings with which we are accustomed to envelope our political gladiators that Mr. Hope finds a piquancy which will be greatly relished by many readers.

* "Half a Hero." By Anthony Hope. London: A. D. Innes and Co.

"THE WORLD'S PLEASURES."*

BY CLARA SAVILE-CLARKE.

A deep humiliation awaits the mere man in this little book. When he begins to read "The Pleasures of Marriage" he little suspects the bitter irony in store for him. Here is a husband who treats his wife very ill; he is tired of her and her perpetual superiority. She is full of ideals, and he is only the masculine lump of clay. They have been married eight years; his "idleness and carelessness" wound her constantly, and he complains, "I know that your eyes reproach me whenever they turn in my direction, and that is beastly unpleasant." But there is another man, who is the husband's friend, and yearns to be the wife's lover. She is on the point of flying with him, but changes her mind and falls at her husband's feet, while he uses her letter of farewell to light a cigarette. Now comes the humiliation of the masculine reviewer. Possibly he has a feeling that the wife's submission is, after all, only part of the natural order of things; but just as he is pluming himself on that he gets this Parthian shaft in the midriff: "'Oh, Jack, Jack!' she cried. 'And I love you still!'" Then he smiled. It was a beautiful smile, with a sweep of the lashes across the blue depths of his eyes, that was almost a caress; but in it she read how low she had fallen in his estimation. He could pity her now, look down where he had looked up, and in the far-off future come to love his slave a little, where he had detested the angel. 'Go to bed,' he said gently; 'you must be tired.' That passage ought to be quoted on platforms and inscribed on banners by reformers who are eager to emancipate woman from the tyranny of men. But Miss Savile-Clarke is not a wholly relentless satirist. In "The Pleasures of Bohemia" she consoles the mere man by showing how a high-born lady may throw up society and a brilliant marriage to follow him through the world, when he is "tall and graceful," and has "a low, deep voice," and is "careless, reckless, and bad, but with a charm that sets him apart from the rest." Artist, singer, gambler, and a prince of Bohemia, he draws this aristocratic maiden after him till she finds him singing outside a French inn; then touching his shoulder, she says, "You said that if I gave up my old life and became a wanderer too you would love me. I—I am here to tell you——" So they are married, and the reviewer comforts himself with the thought that in this case, at



Photo by Russel, Baker Street, W.

MISS CLARA SAVILE-CLARKE.

all events, the husband does not love his wife merely because he can look down on her. For the rest, Miss Savile-Clarke writes very prettily, with a suggestion here and there that she is capable of something far better than the particular quality of these stories.

L. F. A.

* "The World's Pleasures." By Clara Savile-Clarke. London: Bliss, Sands, and Foster.

THROUGH "HUBBLE-BUBBLE" LAND.*

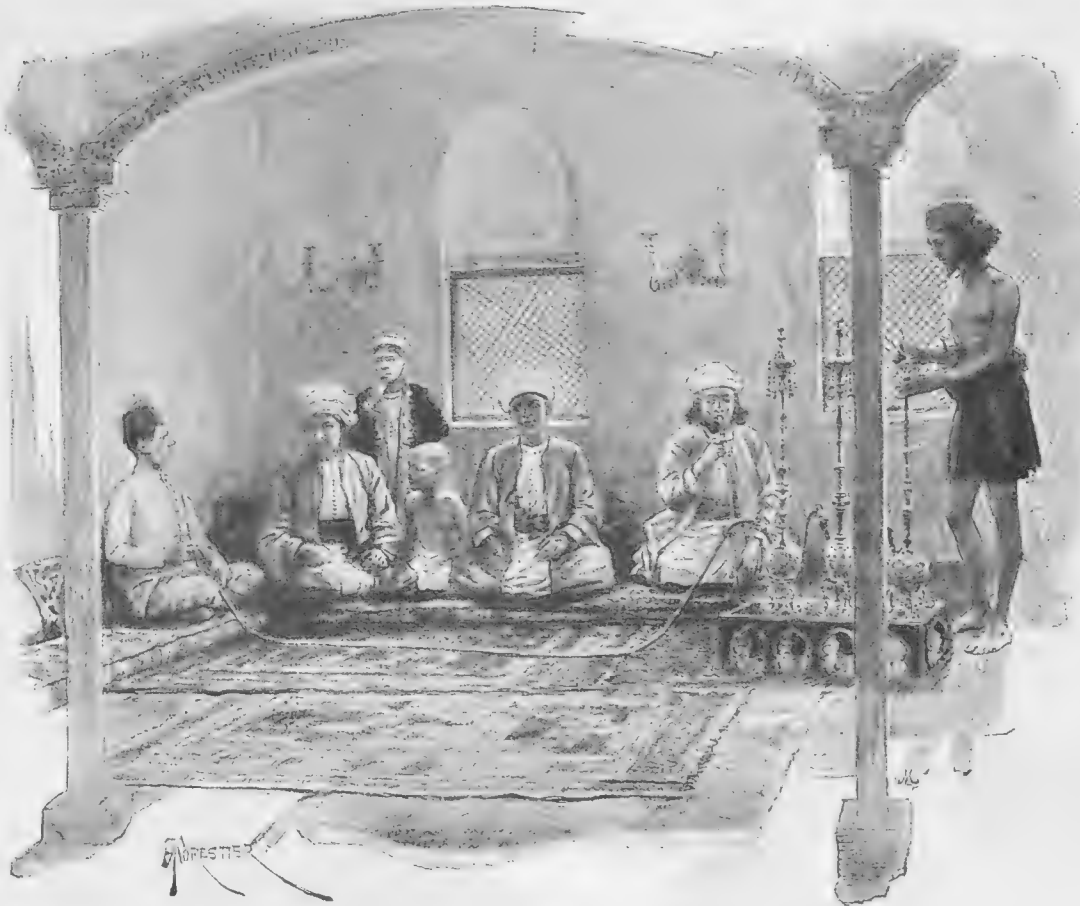
If you turn over the pages of "A Journey through Yemen" at hazard, your attention is likely to be arrested by the picture entitled "My Reception by the Sultan of Lahcj." It is a typical little scene, wherein the reign

travellers' club. Before the adventurer who sets out here this engrossing account of his travels could reach Sanaa from Aden, he had to overcome personal and material obstacles which would have daunted ninety-nine out of every hundred of his kind. He passed through Yemen at the supreme moment of the rebellion of 1892. The bootless Turk had retaken Sanaa; the Arabs had retreated from the great central plateau whereon are the three cities of Sanaa, Dhamar, and Yerim. Ahmed Feizi was well engaged in the capital, dealing delicately, as the Foreign Office despatches said, with hordes of itinerant cut-throats, who lurked in the ravines, and raided from the mountains of Arabia Felix. In reality, he, too, was cutting throats and burning villages, that the holy name of the Sultan might be more blessed in the City of the Prophet. There was before any traveller who desired to pass through the dangerous country the double risk from the Scylla of Turkish fears and the Charybdis of Arab greed. From the latter Mr. Harris escaped by the daring and devotion of his guides. Hiding by day in the pits and valleys of the wilder regions, lying flat on mountain paths when the watch-dogs barked in the villages below and cries rose from the sentinels on the house-tops, saved from a band of looters by the spontaneous generosity of a man whom he had seen but once in his life, the traveller gained the capital, and thought that he had left his ills behind him. He had, however, yet to learn that a Turk does not much care for English criticism when he has upon his hands the kid gloves with which he will delicately suppress the ridiculous attempts for emancipation made by a people loving not so much freedom as immunity from the tax-gatherers. Ahmed Feizi reddened *jusqu' au bout des ongles* when he read the pompous passport with which a trusting Foreign Office had armed an equally trusting British subject. "This is a well-written document," said the Pasha in effect, "and so beautifully embellished with seals that we will clap you in the town jail while we study it." Then followed five days of fever and suffering, days spent in a hole where malodorous gases abounded and typhus reigned supreme, before the order came that the man who had dared so much to reach Sanaa should be hustled to Hodaidah and shipped back to Aden. Luckily for us, the chronicler had seen all that he desired to see. He had lived for weeks among the Yemenis and learnt what splendid fellows they are; he had made sketches of the maidens, whose hair drops grease, and whose faces are rouged like the sides of a suburban villa. He had passed through the glories of the undulating districts, had scaled the great mountains of Yemen, had seen her most picturesque villages, her coffee plantations, her wonderful terraces, and her amazing fertility. He had visited Menakha, Dhamar, Yerim, had bivouacked in khans innumerable, and of decoction of coffee-husks had drunk gallons. The Turk, in shipping him back to us, unwittingly helped him at a critical moment, and allowed the publication of this volume of invaluable history and of quickly-changeable incident. Such a lively and vigorous sketch of travel must be welcome in a day when every tripper to Madeira or Grand Canary embodies his want of experience in a three-and-sixpenny edition of balderdash; and the illustrations, from sketches and photographs which Mr. Harris made and took, are quite of unusual excellence. The whole production, in fact, calls for generous congratulation.

M. P.

MENAKHA.

of the "hubble-bubble" pipe and of the coffee-cup is emphasised. These things prevail in that land of plateau and of ravine, of sandy desert and of glorious mountains, which has been almost an unknown land to the *oi polloi* of this generation, unaccustomed to read the many admirable histories of it. This book should do much to redeem us from the reproach of ignorance about Yemen. The mere novel reader will peruse it for the admirable vigour and excitement of the narrative; the historiographer will add it to his shelves as a most useful work of reference; the topographer will hug himself at its possession; the dreamer will fall to wondering whether the cult of the Norwegian is not a mistake, and the whole balm of life to be had upon a divan of rich silks, whereby the "hubble-bubble" smokes unceasingly. If there were no such things as dirty Turkish soldiers and bedding which is animated by night, the land would be the Paradise of the idle and the fortune of the personal conductor. Unhappily for most of us, we must take the Yemenis as we find them in Mr. Harris's intrepid journey. To travel through the heart of a mountainous land where the Arab will cut your throat for a shilling and the Turk will assassinate you if your best friend makes it "half-a-crown" is an ambition which would scarcely tempt the *blagueur* of the smoking-room, or the mere anecdote-monger of a second-rate



MY RECEPTION BY THE SULTAN OF LAHEJ.

* "A Journey through Yemen." By Walter B. Harris, F.R.G.S. London and Edinburgh: W. Blackwood and Sons.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

When Mr. W. B. Yeats is in London he lives at his father's residence, 3, Blenheim Road, Bedford Park. Most people know that pleasant Queen Anne village, which would be altogether delightful if it had a surrounding of meadow and bosage instead of brickfields, alternated by raw sections of new villa residences. Fortunately, London does not long content the finer part of the young poet, though when he is in London he is a gadabout, to be seen at all the literary gatherings. He says in one of his most exquisite poems, "The Lake-Island of Innisfree"—

I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,
I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds on the shore;
While I stand in the roadway, or on the pavement grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

His "Innisfree" is Sligo, in Connaught, to which belong his mother's people, a race of shippers and sailors. But even Dublin, where a stir of literary movements rises about his presence, has many an Innisfree within walking distance—deep glens in the dove-grey hills; lonely country lanes, sunk between high hedges, with marshy ditches, full of yellow iris and purple foxglove; cliffs above the sea, where there are only the gulls for companionship. To have been a citizen of Dublin makes one disbelieve in English country or seaside, nearer than Wales or Cornwall—which, if one thinks of it, are scarce English at all.

Mr. Yeats's study is at the back of the quaint and charming house, in which, outside the poet's den, order reigns. It opens on a little balcony, twined about and overhung with the Virginia creeper. When he is in London he has generally a few plants there, of which he is inordinately jealous. Indeed, one of the few occasions on which I have seen his placid temper roused was when some teasing person pretended to annex the faint blossoms he had coaxed into existence.

In the study confusion reigns paramount. The fireplace, which makes a slanting projection, is littered with papers. The mantelpiece is buried in layers of them. Books are everywhere—on shelves, chairs, table, and mantelpiece. When the poet wishes to invite your attention to any particular book or paper, he sweeps the dusky hair with his hand from his beautiful forehead—a gesture telling of effort and endeavour. On the ceiling he has painted a map of Sligo, with a ship at each corner. How he achieved the painting—unless he lay slung on his back on a plank—I can't imagine, and I omitted to ask him. The books cover a large range, but are mainly either poetry or books on occult subjects, for, as Mr. Yeats's readers well know, he loves magic and mystery. Of books, papers, letters, and proof-sheets there is such a confusion that one wonders how he can disentangle anything.

Prominent in the disorder is a book bound like a mediæval missal in cherry-coloured brocade and tarnished gold.

"What may that fine thing be?" I ask.

He answers with a slight blush, "That is my MS. book. A friend brought me the cover from Paris, and I had the book made to fit it."

I inspect the book. It is such thick paper as one finds in *éditions de luxe*, and, one imagines, must be rather uncomfortable to write upon.

The fine book is a part of the literary dandyism which rather distinguishes Mr. Yeats. In the old Dublin days he was as untidy as a genius newly come from the backwoods. He was an art student then, and generally bore the stains of the studio. I have observed him with sympathy devote patient hour after hour to scrubbing at a paint stain with what he took to be turpentine, but which was really linseed oil. He used to affect scarlet ties, which lit up his olive face. They were tied most carelessly. Ordinary young men who had been at school with him, and resented his being a genius, used to say that the carelessness was the result of long effort; but one never believed them. Now he wears the regulation London costume, plus a soft hat, and his ties are dark silk, knotted in a soft bow. He is extremely handsome in his strange way; he is very tall and very slender; so dark, that he was once taken for a Hindu by a Hindu; a long, delicate, oval face, beautiful brows, and large, melancholy, velvety brown eyes that see visions.

He reads to me one of the poems from the fine book, a fantastic thing which, he says, he actually dreamt. He has a beautiful voice, full of rich cadences. Some people enjoy his queer chanting of poetry. For me, I do not; the method distracts my attention from the poetry.

"Tell me what you are doing," I say, with the imperativeness of a very old friend.

"I have two books coming out with Lawrence and Bullen," he answers; "one is a volume of Irish sketches, the source many of which you will recognise. It is to be called 'Celtic Twilight.' I believe I have some of the proofs"—and searching his many pockets he produces a sheaf of proofs. The form looks very pretty; it is a long, slender page, very old-fashioned. I turn the sheets over. The sketches are mostly portraits, with variations. Yes, I recognise them, nearly all: "The Visionary," "The Coward," "The Farmer," they are all portraits, beautifully rendered.

"And the other book?" I ask.

"The other is to be called 'The Secret Rose,' and is to be a collection of weird stories of the Middle Ages in Ireland; some of them have appeared in the *National Observer*. Also," he adds, "I am in treaty about a new volume of poems."

"Tell me," I say, "about your early poems. What did you write first?"

"The first attempt at serious poetry I made," he says, "was when I was about seventeen, and much under the influence of Shelley. It was a dramatic poem, about a magician who set up his throne in Central Asia, and who expressed himself with Queen Mab-like heterodoxy. It was written in rivalry with G——," mentioning a school-fellow of his I knew; "I forget what he wrote."

"And your second?" I ask.

"The second was 'Time and the Witch Vivien,' which you will remember in 'The Wanderings of Ossian.'"

I do remember that exquisite fragment, and on expressing my surprise that it should be such young work he assures me that he never re-touched it.

"And your first reading?" I ask.

"What interested you most as a boy?"

"Scott first," he answers, "and then Macaulay." So he had the common school-boy idols, albeit he was so uncommon.

"I am going back to Dublin this week," he volunteers, "and intend to stay there. I want my work to be as Irish as possible, and I find that here my impressions get blunted."

It is good for his work that he is to be away from London and the literary coteries. Ireland is the country of faiths; not alone the supreme faith, which is religion, but the faiths in ghosts and fairies, in old customs, in the Motherland and her future, in lost causes, in heroes who were always defeated and slain. In London these things have little but a remote and literary interest. But no dry-rot of disbelief or cynicism

is likely to affect "Willie Yeats," as his friends call him, so long as he has with him his father's sweetening and saving influence. The father is instinct with poetry and idealism, a man of beautiful and lovable character. Father and son have always been dear friends. I have many memories of them in the father's studio in Dublin, where I sat week after week for a portrait, and never grumbled at the prolonged sittings, because the talk was so delightful, and the atmosphere so full of sweetness and sunny temper. There used to be a picture of Willie in his boyhood on an easel over against me as I sat. The dusky face had carnations in the cheeks which now are pale olive. If it was at all representative of him, he must have been a beautiful boy, full of rich Eastern colour. I did not meet him till a year or two later, when he had assumed the man's colourless cheeks, with the silky, dark, very youthful beard he then wore.

K. T.

WEATHER LORE.

Here is a compilation which is also a book, and a very companionable one. It is called "Weather Lore: a Collection of Proverbs, Sayings, and Rules concerning the Weather" (Stock), and it has been arranged by Mr. Richard Inwards, F.R.A.S. It is a marvellous collection of lore about sun and moon and clouds and ice and frost and lightning, about times and seasons and signs and wonders, drawn from all sources.



Photo by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

MR. W. B. YEATS.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

What bewildering varieties of climate come on these blissful islands of ours! An Arctic winter is followed by a Saharan spring and a tropical summer. A genial autumn suddenly breaks out into snowstorm and hurricane, and our coasts are strewn with wrecks, and in mid-November the Cambridge train is snowed up in a twenty-foot drift. Are we on the prairies, where the blizzard has its home? Ah! that Sunday morning train to Cambridge—the *express*, as our reporter calls it, with scathing, if unconscious satire! Would that he might test its speed as it crawls the fifty-six miles in two hours and a-half, or thereabouts, stopping at every miserable little station, and sauntering at last into a Cambridge that Sunday has robbed of even the poor resource of tram-cars. I have taken that “express” once, for my sins, but never again. And it is on this tortoise of the swift Great Northern that the penalty fell of sticking for hours in the snow. Surely the train itself was sufficient penalty for Sunday travelling, even if it kept time.

Now, the Great Eastern Cambridge line was not blocked, yet are its Sunday sins far heavier than those of the Great Northern. For its train arrangements seem planned to lure the Londoner out to Cambridge on the Sunday. A swift express carries him *down*, as he would say—*up*, as his hosts phrase it—starting at the earliest hour compatible with comfort; another swift express bears him back in the evening, just late enough for comfort; and between the two he can see sights and friends for eight mortal hours, can attend several services in college chapels, enjoy a half-hour or so of refreshing slumber during the University sermon, and dine at one of the earlier college halls. What more could excursionists require to make them come on Sunday? But they don't.

Probably the train service is designed to draw sinful London to saintly Cambridge, to be there reclaimed by the voices of white-robed choristers, for the prodigal who should attempt to come up to London from the University town on a Sunday and return finds his way hard indeed. I will not say that it is impossible; nothing is impossible to a really bad man, but only the truly bad have resolution enough to brave the horrors of those ordinary trains. No; it is not only better morally, but infinitely more comfortable physically, for the undergraduate to abandon himself to the current of respectability in which he swims. Even the very railways, elsewhere and at other times the allies of race meetings and Continental excursions and cheap trips, and all things unseemly, conspire to keep him quiet on Sunday in his own despite.

And yet, what a satire is our contempt for the slow train! At its slowest, stoppages included, it surpasses twenty miles an hour. I know a French express that does twenty-five. I did know a little cross-country line in France while it was in the contractor's hands. I travelled by a train that took three hours and twenty minutes to go twenty-eight miles. A cyclist would have scoffed at such speed. Still, it was better than the diligence, which used to take four hours and a-half over that same distance. And it was very amusing going by that train, when one was not in a hurry—I used not to be in a hurry then—not always, at least. Going down a gradient the steam was shut off, and the train ran by its own momentum; going up-hill one slowed from a canter to a trot, from a trot to a walk, till there was a pleasing uncertainty as to whether the engine, or the dingy collection of old pipes and wheels that went by that name, would find enough energy to top the slope.

Then one would come to a station, and halt, after elaborate slowing down, beyond a platform about three inches high. While market-women and baskets were being laboriously hoisted up into the carriages, the engine would cast off and go away out of sight, to reappear suddenly, when it had been long forgotten, on a siding half a mile away across a wilderness. For all these little stations were alike in taking up about as much room as St. Pancras, though less than Waterloo. Then, after elaborate shunting on to turntables—the latter a device dear to the Gallie mind—the engine and its tail of trucks wandered out of sight again, came back and hooked on to its train. If the time was still not far enough advanced, the engine-driver and the station-master talked politics. Sometimes the stoker got off and did a little gardening. In spite of all these resources, however, we generally seemed to get in before time. The railway servants could waste the three hours well enough, but that extra twenty minutes always seemed to throw them out of their reckoning. I wonder whether the contractor fined them for being before their time.

MARMITON.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the “Illustrated London News” Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY “BUGLE.”

A Great Quail Year. Sportsmen in many districts have been struck this autumn by the abundance of quail. From Oxford, Suffolk, Cornwall, Cambridge, Devonshire, and elsewhere the bird is reported. It is pretty safe, I believe, to hazard the opinion that this is due to the fact that, owing to the remarkably propitious breeding season, to the fine, warm weather, continued right away from spring to autumn, many of the birds have had second nests. As a rule, the quail, which arrives in the spring, leaves us again by the end of September, or at latest by the end of the first week in October. But from time to time we have a remarkable influx and a late stay of the quails. Such years were, for example, 1870 and 1885. The bird is found nesting in the extreme south of Africa. The majority, however, pass northwards to breed, and are there found scattered in immense numbers throughout the lands bordering on the Mediterranean. Enormous quantities are netted for the markets. The bird has a straight, arrow-like flight, and affords capital sport over dogs. No bird, except, perhaps, the red grouse, becomes more quickly tame than the quail, and they make, as I can testify from experience, very charming pets.

Golf v. Cricket. It was inevitable that sooner or later the question would be raised of the relative merits of these two games. The views of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton and Mr. Arthur Balfour, as given in the *National Review*, are amusing and instructive reading. We may grant that both are fine games. We may grant that it is most foolish to relegate golf to the position of an old man's game. We may grant that cricket is the quicker, more active game, while golf is—as has been said by someone—a game that “tries the temper but does not open the pores.” But when we come to look for the ultimate differences, surely they will be found to be only two in number. Then, in the first place, cricket has the advantage in that it is miniature warfare—a perfect instance of combination and leadership. In the next place, comes golf, with this advantage: that in it the element of chance is well-nigh excluded; it is a game in which, more often, perhaps, than in any other, the best man is bound to win.

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THE GREAT CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The Editor took the chair with a rather anxious look on his face. He signed to the Sub. to sit close. He poured out a glass of water, and spoke—

"Ladies and gentlemen, there may, perhaps, be some uncertainty in this distinguished company as to the reasons for this assembling. It is needless for me to say that we should not have gone to the enormous expense of gathering this galaxy of genius"—here the Editor spoke in large "caps"—"without adequate reason. We have been induced to bring the present company together by our desire to offer the public a transcendently powerful Christmas number. I need not go further into detail at present, but I shall be glad to have any suggestions you care to offer. The meeting is now open for debate."

"As a professional humourist myself," said Tammag Haggart, rising, "I would gey like tae ken the nature o' the proposed Christmas number. I object tae the term 'the first place.' It has an unco Papeestical sound aboot it. I dinna ken what sic a clamphmageery may seegnefy; but if ony ill-meaning loun comes cross my gate I can jouk him; an' I warn ye that ilka mon—"

"Our idea," said the Editor, with a pained expression of countenance, "was to combine the present company into a masterpiece of English—I beg pardon, I should say of British—humour."

"May I interrupt the Chairman?" said a clerical gentleman with a red tie and a copy of the *Agnostic Journal*, "but do I understand him to think that I have any connection with humour, British or otherwise?"

"Name! Name!" cried the meeting.

"My name is Elsmere!" said he, with a sneering smile.

"Perhaps it would be as well for me to amend my phrase," said the Editor. "Say British Fiction."

"As I cannot consent to regard myself as connected in any way with humour or fiction, I will withdraw. I must express my surprise and disgust at having been asked to attend a meeting which includes certain upstart impostors."

A gentleman started up in a corner; he had a weary, pained, drawn look in his eyes, and his clothes did not fit. He said, "Mr. Editor, I guess that remark was intended for me. On behalf of my Mamma, Mrs. Deland, I have to repudiate the idea that I voluntarily came in connection with the revolutionary party who has just sat down. My name's Ward, and I now confess that I am a first cousin to Artemus of that name. My family still retains distinct traits of that gentleman. Some of my friends are themselves highly humorous. The reporters will please spell that word in the American style."

"Before Mr. Elsmere leaves," said a dark young man, with the look of a hungry tiger with theological misgivings, "I should like to warn him. As a young Englishman in a novel, I naturally feel inclined to dash him to the earth, but my goodness and gentleness restrain me. I feel that my psychology is quite as complex as his, while I have the advantage of being screamingly funny—in some aspects."

"Gentlemen," said the Editor, "I hope Mr. Donovan's remarks will be the end of this unfortunate squabble. We shall be glad of some really pertinent suggestions."

A Boy rose; he gave his name as Waldo, and he had a misty, far-away look in his eyes, and wanted washing. Barbara Dering, who sat next him, smelt her vinaigrette. He said, "I do not feel that I can accept the Editor's amendment to his first phrase. The projected number must certainly be humorous. I have reason to believe that my own particular old Dutch is at present yearning to present me in a new and strikingly humorous light. She has, also, a new type of Boer, who will talk to you like a Dutch uncle. I am, undoubtedly, in her first manner, karood, but I shall be polished up; there will be in me subtleties to be seen, as well as veldt. I shall be the leading character in the new story, and I shall be much less of a Boer than I was before."

Here the Sub. had to assist Mr. Heinemann from the room. That estimable publisher was weeping bitterly.

"I dinna ken what the laddie who has just sat doon may be meaning," said Haggart, "but I would speir at the Editor what's tae become o' me? As a professional humourist myself—"

"Sot down, ye blundherin', ould broth-supper," said a soldier with a "T. A." on his shoulder. "Me name's Mulvaney, and I would propose that ye repate the sthory ov how oi an' me frinds Ortheris and Learoyd tuk the town o' Lungtungpen widout a clout betune the—"

Miss D'Urberville gave a shriek and fainted, but was resuscitated by her friend Miss Barbara Dering, whose sympathies were aroused. She said she felt like a sister to her.

"If I might venture to offer a suggestion," said Gavin Dishart, who spoke with a slight cold, which he had caught in a Scotch mist, and which had already run through several editions, "I would like to recommend my friend Haggart. He is an Ancient Light, and is the only man who could ever make me laugh."

Here the speaker was interrupted by a lady who sat next him. After a short consultation with her, he continued: "My wife, the celebrated quick-change artiste, Babbie, has told me not to speak any more, so I will now con—"

Here the Little Minister disappeared through an ingeniously arranged trap-door, which had been cut by the Heavenly Twins with a pocket-knife and a broken stay-busk. The two children came from behind the Editor, dirty, but with an aristocratic calm upon their features, and the light of genius in their eyes. "We are the supreme product of Modern Humour," said the boy; "and this is our humour, isn't it, Angelica?"

"Of course," said she, indifferently, eating a *paté* she had stolen from the dinner table. "But what's the good of this Christmas number? We don't want it, and if we did we wouldn't have it unless we did it ourselves. Things are getting very tedious in this world. Don't you remember what the Archbishop said when we were telling him about original sin?"

"No," said Donovan, kindly.

"He said we were little devils, and I think he was right. Come along, Diavolo; come and paint Mr. Haggart's head with vitriol."

"My idea," said a plain but well-dressed lady, "was—"

"Excuse me, Madam. I seem to recollect, but really at the moment—"

"Mrs. Hanksbee. My idea was that you should tell the other story, you know."

"The other story?" said the Sub.

"Yes. You remember there always was another story, don't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, that one. If that won't do, I fancy I have sufficient influence to get the Viceroy of India to write a short story under his usual *nom de plume* of Rudyard Kipling—that is, if Mr. Mulvaney will fill in all the bad words."

"With pleasure, Mum," said Mulvaney.

"I don't think that would do, quite," said the Editor. "What we want is more—"

He was stopped by the uprising of a long line of young and beautiful ladies. Their dresses varied, but they were remarkably alike. The first one said, "Why not tell the public all about our new friend?"

"I beg your pardon," said the Sub., with *empressement*.

"My name is Belle," she said saucily. "These are my friends, but we didn't bring Titania. She is such a bore, you know. You could have some nice quotations, and some weather, and whenever you were short of matter you could put in a Scotch song. Wouldn't it be nice?"

A tall, thin man, who had been playing a violin to himself in one corner, here rose and said, "This woman is a fraud. I have analysed her, and I find these other young women to be her sisters. They have one father—his name is Bl—"

"S—s—sh!" said the Editor. "These scandals must not be ventilated here. Perhaps Mr. Holmes will withdraw from the meeting."

A gentleman who said his name was George, and who brought a dog with him, rose and said, "I see in a magazine that a certain story of Mr. Holmes's will not be fit for publication until next century. Working as I myself do for the good of posterity, I feel called upon to protect the next generation from the evils we ourselves suffer. I beg to propose a resolution calling upon Mr. Holmes to defer publishing that story until, at least, the century after next."

"This is not within the province of the meeting," said the Editor.

"Then I'll tell you some funny stories," said he. But there arose a spontaneous cry from the meeting, and he sat down.

"My idea," said a sailor-looking man, "was to take a vessel, leaving port about eight bells, and bear up to leeward with a spinnaker in your jib-boom, while the distressed lady sits on a hen-coop with a bight in the main-to'-gallant-mast. About two bells you run on a bowline athwart the bows of a fishy-looking craft, and then the mutiny can take place. Then with 36 ft. of water in the hold, in lat. 126 min. 3 sec., and long. 301 min. 7 sec., you can bear up for—"

There was a dull thud, and the body was hastily pushed into a ventilator. There were three white lines on his hair, and a wild look in the eyes of his next neighbour, a large lady. It was whispered about that she was "She."

"Does anyone know the unfortunate man's name?" said the Editor.

"He used to be a very decent fellow at one time," said the Sub. "His name was John Holdsworth, but he's had numerous *aliases* since then."

"Really, ladies and gentlemen," said the Editor, "we do not seem to be hitting on any workable scheme. I am afraid I must dissolve this meeting, unless—"

There was a scuffle in one corner, and it was discovered that Donovan and John Ward had got a Meshumad on the floor, and were assaulting him with hymn-books. This was soon forgotten, however, in a terrible struggle at the door, where the entire meeting was raging around an interloper who said his name was Veller. There seemed to be some strange enmity to this individual, and several characters loudly called him an impostor.

The room cleared, and the last seen was Mr. Holmes, who was picking up clues.

A. E. P.

A FAIR EQUIVALENT.

No gems have I, no armour old,
No chased nor carven treasures,
No spacious chambers, white and gold,
Wherein to take my pleasures;
Upon my walls no fabric rare
Of Persia's brodered dragons;
No cabinets of Dresden ware,
Or mediæval flagons.
But see, my Phyllis' golden hair
Falls o'er her simple bodice—
For household gods what need I care,
With such a household goddess?

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"But what put the idea into your head?" asked the leading man of the dramatist, as they stood together during the rehearsal of a new play.

The dramatist was a lady, a tall, slight woman, of, perhaps, thirty, with a striking face, lighted by a pair of large dark-blue eyes. The beauty



"What play is that, if I may ask?"

of those eyes made people sometimes fancy Mrs. Clavering was beautiful, but she was not; she was intellectual, she was charming and sympathetic, and she had suffered—you could see that in her face. Perhaps, then, she was, in a sense, beautiful. The leading man was inclined to think so, and he liked very much to talk to her. As for her, she thought him "a nice fellow," and admired his acting, but that was all. She smiled at his question.

"Oh! I hardly know," she said, with an absent look in her blue eyes. "Don't you like it?"

"Like it? Yes, of course I do; it's telling, very telling, a bit romantic, you know."

"Oh, yes! not like real life; but real life is sometimes too prosaic for the stage. I often think these pessimists one hears so much of now have known very little trouble. They are too fond of dabbling in the miseries of existence."

The leading man gave the speaker a quick look; but his cue came just then—in fact, he had missed it—and he had to run forward to take his place.

Mrs. Clavering was a novelist, who had not been very long in London, having spent most of her life abroad. She had written two or three one-act pieces, which had been well received, and now she had launched into a three-act piece, and she was going to produce it at a *matinée*. It was a clever play, well put together, and well written, but not calculated to set all the town talking; though superior to a good many plays that do set the town talking. What the leading man alluded to was, as it were, the *motif* of the piece. The hero, in the first act, cast off his wife, and left her, declaring he would live as he chose, she hampered him, and so on. The wife, still loving the man who was so cruel to her, declared he could not shake her off. "I shall be with you," she cries, "whether you will or no! You shall hear me call to you when the darkest hour of your life comes; and if I cannot win you back to love, I will, at least, keep you from crime."

In the second act the hero is about to marry a rich girl; the wedding guests arrive, all is ready, when suddenly he starts; he hears his wife's voice calling to him; he is appalled, conscience-stricken; he confesses his intended crime. In the third act, matters have reached a climax; the hero, ruined socially and in purse, is about to commit suicide; once more the warning voice arrests him; he flings the pistol away, and as he does so his wife enters, and the two are completely reconciled.

"A charming idea," said the leading lady to the author, "but don't you make Margaret too forgiving?"

"I don't know—Graham is her husband."

"That makes it harder."

"Oh! no, I think it makes it easier."

"Do you?" aloud—but to herself: "Her husband was one of the good sort, or she wouldn't talk so. It's all right to forgive like that in a play; in real life the husband would go the old way again in no time at all."

"Yes," said Mrs. Clavering. "Have you ever read Browning's 'Any Wife to any Husband'?"

The leading lady raised her brows.

"No, indeed!" she said. "Browning is too deep for me."

"Anyone can understand that. Read it."

The stage-manager came up to ask about a proposed "cut," and the leading lady turned away to ask the leading man whether Mrs. Clavering was a widow, divorced, or separated.

"I'm sure I don't know," was the answer; and nobody else did. She lived in apartments near one of the West Central squares, and was always welcome in the literary and artistic circles in which she moved, and, though it was generally presumed that her husband was dead, it could not be recalled that she had ever said so; and sometimes, in these days, it isn't wise to be curious about people's absent or *non est* husbands. When you came to think of it, indeed, it would be difficult to assert positively that Clavering was the author's real name. Her novels were published as by Alix Clavering, and when she came to London she called herself Mrs. Clavering, which might or might not be a *nom de guerre*; for it was her publishers who first introduced her into London literary society, and it was not their business to disclose her real name, supposing that she had another name than that under which she chose to appear.

The rehearsal was over, and Mrs. Clavering went home. She had a few alterations to make in the second and third acts, and after a slight luncheon she settled herself to her task. Settled? She seemed very restless, and worked fitfully. Sometimes, for minutes together, she sat with her face hidden in her hands, and more than once tears trickled through her fingers.

"They say the piece is likely to catch on," said a gentleman who, in truth, was a backer of a West-End theatre. He was one of a group of men in the smoking-room of a rather Bohemian club, and his remark was in continuation of a desultory chat between himself and a well-known actor-manager.

"Yes?" answered the other carelessly as he knocked the ashes off his cigar. "They say that of so many of these *matinée* shows, and they're generally such rot!"

"What play is that, if I may ask?" inquired a man who had just caught the last words.

The speaker was an uncommonly handsome man, apparently about six or seven-and-thirty, but he had a reckless look, not pleasant to see. A cautious man would think twice before introducing this gentleman into his home, for, besides his personal good looks, he had a sweet-toned voice and an attractive address, and with these weapons of attack he could easily conquer women's hearts, breaking them afterwards at his leisure.

The "backer" answered him. "A piece written by Mrs. Clavering, the novelist. She's not a 'prentice hand. Some one-act plays of hers have been done already."



The face flashed for a second upon Leslie's startled gaze.

"I remember reading one of her novels; it was clever," said Mr. Leslie. "What's the play about?" You noticed, when he spoke, that his English was slightly tinged with foreign accent. That was natural enough, for his life, since his youth, had been passed abroad, and he had only come to England about a month ago.

"I can't tell you: story a little out of the beaten track, they say, again. I shall be able to send you a stall, if you care to go; you needn't sit it out if you're too much bored."

Wilmot Leslie was already a favourite with the men who knew him. In this topsy-turvy world it often happens that the least worthy people are the most attractive.

"Thanks," Leslie answered, "I shall be very pleased to go. A trial *matinée* is something of a novelty to me, you know. One doesn't have them abroad."

"No, thank Heaven!" groaned the actor-manager, and Leslie laughed; but his laugh was not mirthful; it would not strike you that he was

The day of the *matinée* came. The play was called "Opal," from the legend of that beautiful stone, that it glows bright while the love of the wearer for the giver burns clear and strong, and grows dim when love falters and fails. Leslie's stall was in the last row, and he knew none of the people near him; his acquaintances in England were, at present, not many. He looked carelessly over his programme, and bit his lip for a moment, with a quick-drawn breath: his tongue almost whispered the name of the heroine, Margaret. But the name is common enough. He listened to the chatter of the people about him—mostly professionals—not because it had any interest for him, but because he hailed anything that took his attention away from introspection—anything that drove the ghosts a little further away.

The curtain rose; the play began. Leslie listened at first with the languid indifference of the *blasé* playgoer. By-and-bye he became interested; he watched and listened intently. He held his breath when the hero flung his wife from him and went out. It was the close of the act, and the people in front applauded, all except Wilmot Leslie. He did not stir.

In the second act the interest deepened; the man in the stalls with the handsome, reckless face was enthralled. The fellow in the play was haunted—so was he, Wilmot Leslie. He scarcely heard the applause; he never lifted a hand—how could he? For this was not a play—it was reality. Margaret loves her husband through all—through unfaith and desertion, and all his piled up sins against her. Bah! it is a play—a woman's sentimental notions. Let the author be tried. She would not keep the opal bright. The man wasn't worth one tear of hers. Let him be cast out and forgotten, as he deserved.

And now came the third and last act, where the husband is prevented from committing the crime he meditates; and in the end, in a beautifully written scene—which alone, said the critics afterwards, ought to make the fortune of the play—Margaret forgives the man who has so bitterly wronged her. Wilmot Leslie, white as death—yet otherwise masking, for pride's sake, the agony in his heart—listened to the words, every one of which stabbed him with mortal blows. A play—yes, only a play!—but, oh! that there could be for his wasted, sinful life such a last act as this!

The curtain was down, and the house applauding and calling for the author. Wilmot Leslie, eager to see the woman who could write like this, lingered, and presently Mrs. Clavering appeared at the wing to bow her thanks. The face flashed for a second upon Leslie's startled gaze; the next, his eyes were blinded by a scarlet mist—he saw nothing, heard nothing, knew nothing. He groped his way out to the lobby; someone spoke to him; he gave no answer: he had not heard. He reached his own rooms—going on through the streets in the same dazed way—and there he flung himself down, with a great and exceeding bitter cry, "Margaret! Margaret!"

"A gentleman, Ma'am, asks to see you."

"What name, Janet?" said Alix Clavering, putting aside a pile of morning papers, all of which, more or less, praised the new play, though some said that Margaret's love was too nearly divine to be possible in real life.

"He said you would not know it, Ma'am. He would not detain you long."

"Still, I suppose he has a name. Well, show him up."

The servant retired; and in a minute opened the door again. A tall man came in, just a step beyond the threshold, and paused there, the door closing behind him.

Mrs. Clavering rose to her feet, trembling, paling, and they stood face to face—after seven years—husband and wife; seventy times seven years of wrong between them.

The man spoke first, his head bent, his voice hoarse and broken, the sentences falling from his lips in disjointed fragments—

"I have been in England for a month past. I did not know that you called yourself Clavering. No matter—I should not have troubled you, only—" He paused.

It might have helped him if he had seen her face, but he did not see it: he dared not lift his eyes to hers. He went on with an effort: "I saw your play yesterday, and I saw—you—The woman—Margaret—that was not—you? Only—a beautiful play—isn't that it?"

"No," she said slowly. She did not move, but clasped her hands tightly over her labouring heart. "The woman Margaret is my heart. She loved him all through—though his sins were scarlet, he was her husband! And he had loved her once! So, when he came back to her, casting all the evil years behind him, she forgave!"

"No, no!" the man cried, trembling in every limb. "She could not forgive such wrong! The message was not for me, Margaret; it was only a play!"

"It was deep calling unto deep," she said; "it was my heart calling to yours!"

She stretched out her hands towards him, and he looked up and saw the light in her eyes. He staggered forwards, with a broken cry, and fell down at her feet, and she laid her arms about his neck, and drew his head against her. "My husband!" she said.



They stood face to face—after seven years—husband and wife."

a happy man. Perhaps, like a good many, he was trying to live down his conscience. Someone suggested cards, and a move was made to the card-room. There Leslie proved himself a "plunger," but he generally won, and a keen observer of human nature might have noticed that there was something fictitious in his excitement—as if he were keeping up the steam, as it were, to prevent his "inner self" asserting itself. At three a.m. he walked through the growing dawn to his chambers; but the ghosts that flitted along by his side all the way followed him in, and kept their silent watch—ghosts of evil deeds and misspent hours. There was one ghost that came nearer to him than the others, and looked at him with eyes full of unutterable pain and sorrow. He covered his face, but he saw these eyes all the same; he called himself a fool, and cursed his "nervous mood"; but the spectres never stirred, and the sad eyes grew sadder—that was all.

"I'll have done with it all!" he cried, with a reckless laugh. "I'm getting sentimental. Pough! I'll settle accounts with a six-shooter, if I can't get rid of these fancies any other way. It's too late to hark back."

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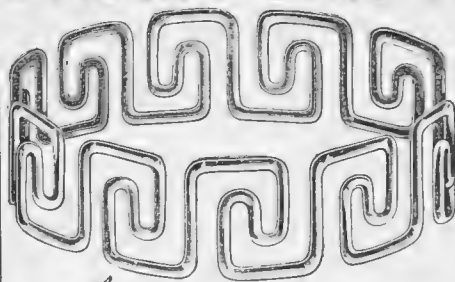
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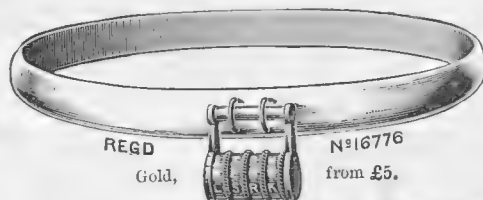
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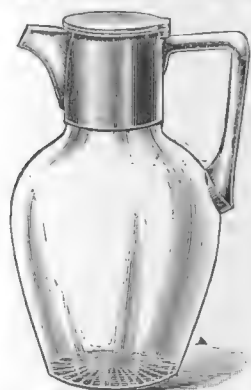
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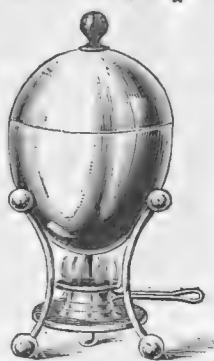
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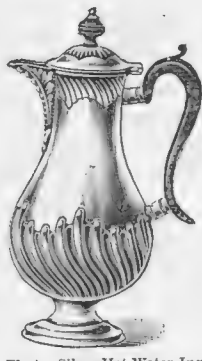
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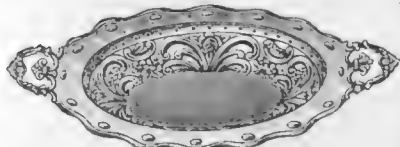
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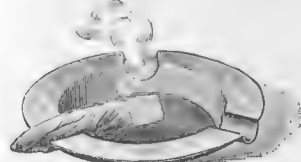
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SMALL TALK.

Since the return of the Court to Windsor the Queen has been busily engaged with "affairs" to an unusual extent. The boxes from Downing Street have been numerous and well filled, and there have also been considerable arrears of private business to get through—among the latter some troublesome questions, which have been awaiting Her Majesty's decision for some time. On several days the Queen has been hard at work with Sir Henry Ponsonby for many hours at a stretch. The royal drives have, so far, been few and short, but the Queen has visited the mausoleum at Frogmore several times, and has been out in the private grounds every afternoon. As at present arranged, the Queen will leave Windsor for Osborne on Tuesday, Dec. 19. Parliament will again be opened by Commission, as her Majesty has intimated that her arrangements will not admit of her coming up to London to open the Houses in person. It is not generally known that there is a daily service in the private chapel at Windsor Castle during the residence of the Court, at which the Queen frequently attends. The service is held at nine o'clock, and the Dean officiates. Should this dignitary of the Church be absent, the Vicar of Windsor, who receives £200 a year as "reader" to the Queen, takes the service.

There is a magnificent show of chrysanthemums in the gardens at Frogmore this year, and they have been inspected several times by the Queen and Princess Beatrice since the arrival of the Court at Windsor. The gardens at Frogmore are probably the most productive in the country, and are admirably arranged. The Prince Consort, who was himself exceedingly fond of horticulture, took great interest in these gardens, and suggested numerous alterations and improvements.

Seldom—at all events, so early in the season—have we experienced so rough and disastrous edition of "rude Boreas" as has lately visited our coasts with such appalling results. There is, however, as in many other of the serious things of life, a ludicrous side to the picture, and the idea of a dinner party, such as was assembled on board the *Lucania*, being rattled like dice in a box may be regarded from a comic point of view—at any rate, the shaking would have rubbed off the formal stiffness sometimes so uncomfortably evident at such entertainments. A friend of mine, writing from a seaport on our north-eastern coast, gives me a somewhat humorous account of his personal experiences. "Leaving my office," he says, "to make my way home, I found the wind so strong, even in the sheltered High Street, that I walked with some difficulty; turning into the street in which our house is situated, I encountered the gale in my teeth. Some little distance down the street I observed a figure standing stock still, and wondered why he remained in that position. On reaching the same place, however, I could only wonder how he was able to sustain an erect position; for myself, I discreetly dropped upon all-fours, and crawled home in that undignified attitude."

The Anglican Church in the colonies may well be described as "militant" when one reads of a bishop bringing the despatches from the seat of war. The idea of the Bishop of Mashonaland performing duties usually associated with some officer who has distinguished himself on the field of battle would, indeed, suggest a somewhat ludicrous picture did one imagine—as, perhaps, one is at first blush apt to do—his Lordship a typical Church dignitary, such as may be seen now and again in the streets of the Metropolis, or in some decorous and old-world cathedral town. The amenities of a semi-civilised colonial see develop a somewhat different Churchman—decidedly, in the outward man—and the Dean whom we all know and love so well in Henry Kingsley's stirring novel, "Geoffrey Hamlyn," who could rough it in the bush, and take a five-barred gate with the ease and assurance of a Shire-bred fox-hunter, is nearer to the real colonial bishop than his Grace of Canterbury or London, with whose faultless externals we are more familiar.

A well-attended dance in aid of the St. Mary's Schools and Nursing Home, Plaistow, E., has just taken place at Kensington Town Hall. This excellent charity should benefit substantially from the proceeds, as the hall was quite full and the supper, it is to be hoped, as economical as it was inoffensive. People shouldn't want suppers at charity balls, but, whether they do or not, they don't usually get them, and quite right too. I heard of an elaborately got-up dance in aid of a certain hospital which came off lately with great *éclat* and satisfaction to all present. Out of three hundred guinea tickets sold the charity benefited to the extent of twenty-eight pounds, the remainder, it being calmly asserted, having gone in supper and etceteras. I wonder, now, if this latter item meant Clos Vougeot and Russian sterlet. At the Plaistow dance we had a real live Indian prince, who came in an elaborate cloth-of-gold Court suit and shivered at the chill humours of an English November. He thought we amused ourselves laboriously, and preferred the Nautch girl plan.

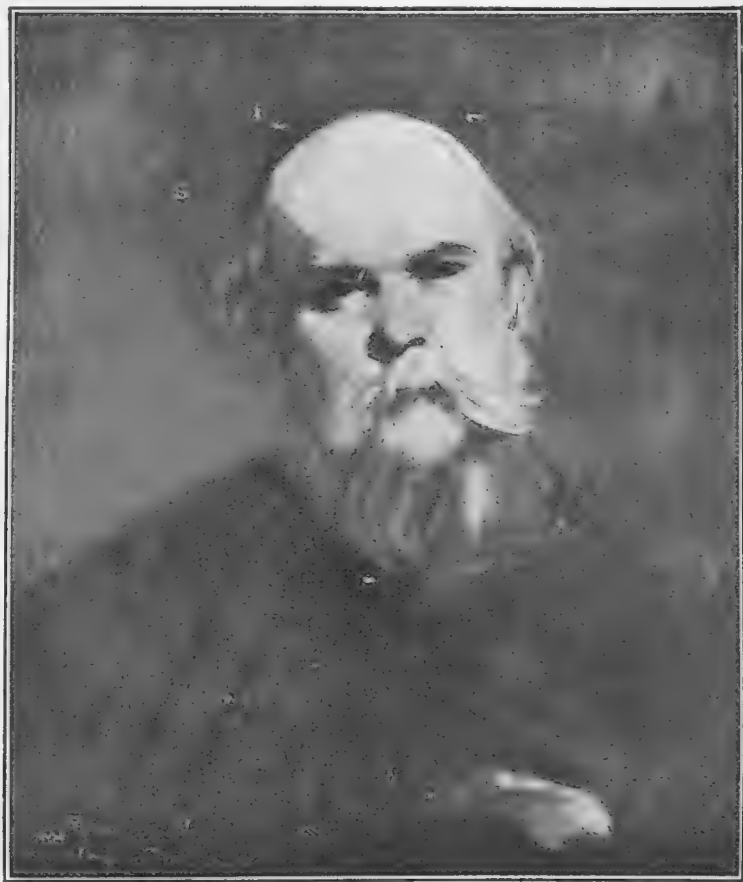
London's new hall—the Queen's, in Langham Place, adjoining St. George's Hall—is now completed. It is capable of accommodating an audience of about 3000 and a chorus and band of 400. The great feature of the hall is the excellent view which everyone obtains of the platform. The arm-chairs in the grand tier are certain to be appreciated. The scheme of colouring is decidedly pleasing, and the building is constructed with close regard to up-to-date requirements. Numerous invitations were issued by the management for the private view on the 18th, which was of the nature of an agreeable *soirée*.

The Devil enjoys a laugh, but at others' expense, not his own, and, no doubt, felt injured that his prowess should at any time be held up to ridicule. Only a supposition of mine, of course; still, Mr. Charles Brookfield's ugly fall just as he was in the act of taking off some of his Satanic Majesty's best Haymarket effects looked as if there had been a little spite from down below in the business.

A new departure is made in things theatrical by the engagement of that charming artiste, Miss Ellaline Terriss, for the forthcoming Lyceum pantomime. Miss Terriss is associated most pleasantly in my mind with various *ingénue* parts in comedy, but I have no doubt she will prove a most delightful Cinderella. A pantomime that is a happy mixture of old-fashioned fun and the poetry of one of Planché's extravaganzas should be a great success in these days of pageant pantomimes. Managers might do worse than engage for their Christmas shows some of the legitimate talent idle through theatrical depression.

"Our Line," a smart little book I met with the other day, is not written by a washerwoman; neither is it a treatise on those undergarments recently released from the tub, the study of which has been declared by a philosopher to reveal the characteristics of the wearers. "Our Line" is a line of steamers, and the book contains a series of amusing sketches of the strange beings who present themselves from time to time at the offices of the company, bent on taking a passage, and only too ready to expose their ignorance and their idiosyncrasies to the observant young gentleman who has modestly concealed his identity under the initials "A. S. G."

M. Paul Verlaine, the Parisian poet, who, on the 21st, delivered a lecture on "Contemporary French Poetry" in the Hall of Barnard's Inn, holds a unique place in the Continental literature of to-day. Born fifty years ago next March, M. Verlaine is a citizen of Metz, but has no trace of Germanic origin in either his personal appearance or literary methods. His first volume of published verse, "Poèmes Saturniens," appeared in the year 1865, and attracted considerable attention among a small group of critics, who proclaimed that a latter-day Villon had arisen. But it was not till the publication of a much later book, "Sagesse,"



PAUL VERLAINE.

which appeared in 1881, that Verlaine's great powers became acknowledged by his fellow-writers, and during the past twelve years many well-known poets have been proud to call him Master. Paul Verlaine, both as man and as writer, possesses an extraordinary personality. He is seldom, if ever, seen in Parisian society, and can only be found by his disciples and admirers in one of the many humble *cafés* and eating-houses with which the Quartier Latin of the Gay City abounds. Occasionally he disappears into either a hospital or house of charity, and his latest work, "Mes Hôpitaux," describes his many sojourns in these institutions. This is not M. Verlaine's first visit to England. He spent a portion of his youth as French master in an English school, and it was in London that he characteristically threw in his lot with the vanquished when called upon to choose between the two nations after the Franco-German War.

French brides are more to be envied, from the purely feminine point of view, than any others, inasmuch as they have the double rapture of wearing two wedding gowns—not together, be it well understood, which would only occasion an embarrassment of finery—but on the separate occasions of the civil and religious ceremonies, both of which are necessary for the securely “tying up” of a contracting pair in France. I have sometimes wondered, by-the-way, whether the occasion of this twice-tied bond gave the principals that temptation to test its strength by immediately afterwards flying off at different tangents, as has been known to occur with young wives and husbands occasionally. Be this as it may, the civil marriage is quite as much a function nowadays as the religious. All the smart world of Paris assembled at the Mairie, the other day, to see Mdlle. de Montbrison become Comtesse de Pourtalès. The bride was evidently unhampered by the old Breton legend which says that a maid will never marry while she has a green dress in her wardrobe, for the first *robe de noces* was of green silk, with rich trimmings of sable, while, in still further disregard of old wives’ warnings, a large black sash went round the waist, and fell at the side.

Those who begin to think of Monte Carlo as the season comes on, and who, unlike the newspaper man, have not “been there before,” should, when once out, make the acquaintance of that funny little cosmopolite, *Ciro*, who is importuned by princes for his wonderful *ravioli*, and concocts cocktails by the gross for Grand Ducal palates. *Ciro* is an atomy of Italian, Russian, German, and, it is whispered, even American extraction, who has seen more angles and curves of life, as it is at Monte Carlo, than half-a-dozen globe-trotters together. He has drawn up a little code of appropriate food and “moisture” on which to train before tempting fortune at the tables with uncultured nerves. A whisky cocktail, he avers, has been known to upset an elaborate “system,” while a certain seductive mixture, baptised as the “*trente-et-quarante* cocktail,” soothes one into an imperturbable calmness, calculated to do marvellous things with the bank. *Ciro* is decidedly one of the “familiar” of Monte Carlo with whom it is very desirable to be on gastronomical as well as elucidative terms.

“Lute” writes: The Albert Hall held a large, but not a unanimous audience last Thursday night, when “Israel in Egypt” was given. The special feature in the advertisements once again was the promise that the duet “The Lord is a Man of War” should be sung by 400 tenors and basses, and this promise was too faithfully kept, for the inartistic innovation was encored and repeated. The granting of encores in oratorio performances is of disputable taste, and in the case of the “Hailstone Chorus” I think Sir Joseph Barnby too speedily yielded to the applause. But that the sanction of a supposed musical public should thus be accorded to such maltreatment of a duet is all the more unpleasant to chronicle. For the rest, the chorus did their work with the splendid attack for which it is celebrated, giving a specially good account of “He led them.” Miss Anna Williams and Miss Margaret Hoare gave a beautiful rendering of “The Lord is my strength”; Miss Clara Butt, after overcoming natural nervousness, sang excellently, and Mr. Edward Lloyd was irreproachable as usual. His delivery of “The enemy said” was rapturously received, and on his repeating it the audience was in such a hurry to applaud that the final notes were completely lost. Sir Joseph Barnby was as alert in conducting as ever. The next performance of the Royal Choral Society is announced for Dec. 7, when “Jephtha” will be given.

Mr. Ernest Meads gave a Shaksperian recital in the Princes’ Hall, Piccadilly, on Thursday. To me, at least, the Shaksperian recital is depressing save at the hands of a very exceptional elocutionist. Now, Mr. Meads is not exceptional. He has a good voice and appearance, but he does not rise far, if at all, above that point of creditable performance which so many just attain. His authors on Thursday included Shakspeare. N. P. Willis, E. C. Stedman, and John Hay.

“THE BOHEMIAN GIRL”—ÆTAT 50.

When other lips have sung their songs and rhymed as bad as Alf, we never can forget the work of Michael William Balfe. In recording the jubilee of “The Bohemian Girl” the temptation is very strong to fall into the irrelevant rhymelessness of its librettist, Alfred Bunn, for it is wonderful that with all the wishy-washiness of its libretto the work should remain, perhaps, the most popular opera known in this country—so much so, in fact, that it was produced at Drury Lane Theatre on Monday with something of the enthusiasm with which it was received on the same day of the month, Nov. 27, in the same place, fifty years ago. Born in Dublin in 1808, he appeared as a composer at the age of seven, as a violinist at the age of nine, and as a public singer at the age of fifteen. After four years’ study in London and Italy, he became principal baritone at the Paris Opéra under Rossini, and proved a great success. Meanwhile, he wrote a good deal of music, and in 1830—the year when he married Mdlle. Lina Rosa, a Hungarian singer of great talent and beauty—he composed his first opera, “*I Rivali di Sè Stessi*.” It was with a great reputation that he returned to England in 1833, and this fact must be remembered in estimating his work, for it was from France and Italy that he gained his musical experience and where he made his successes as a composer. In six weeks he wrote, as a commission, the “*Siege of Rochelle*,” which was intended to reopen the new Lyceum Theatre, though, somehow or other, the work was secured by Alfred Bunn (*Punch*’s poor “Poet Bunn”), the manager of Drury Lane. The connection with Bunn lasted for a few years, during which a number of

operas, including “*Falstaff*,” appeared from his pen. Misfortune overtook him when he took the Lyceum Theatre on his own account, but as soon as he returned to Paris the luck was with him, for in April 1843 he achieved so remarkable a success with “*Le Puits d’Amour*” (libretto by Scribe himself) that Louis Philippe offered him the cordon of the Legion of Honour; while in November of the same year he bounded into lasting popularity by “*The Bohemian Girl*.” The plot was taken from Cervantes’ “*Novelas Exemplares*,” via a French ballet, “*La Gypsy*.” Messrs. Chappell paid £400 for the musical copyright of the opera, afterwards adding a further £100. In the original cast Miss Rainforth was the Arline, Miss Betts the vindictive Gypsy Queen, Mr. Borroni the Count Arnheim, Mr. Hudson the Florestan, and Mr. Stretton the Devilshoof. Mr. William Harrison, the first Thaddeus, kept to the opera longer than any of his early companions, playing the part of the hero within a few years of his death, in November 1868. It ran for more than a hundred nights, and was translated into Italian as “*La Zingara*,” into French as the “*Gyrl*” and “*La Bohémienne*,” and into German as “*Die Zigeunerin*” and as “*La Gitana*.” “*The Bohemian Girl*” is the only one of Balfe’s eight-and-twenty operas that remains popular, and, to use his own words, “there’s life in the old girl yet.” He lived nearly thirty years after its production, but never again achieved such a success, his last opera, “*Il Talismano*,” being, indeed, not produced until four years after his death. One daughter married the Duke de Frias, who was exceedingly kind to his father-in-law, for Balfe was not rich. He died at Rowney Abbey in October 1870, and was buried at Kensal Green; and eight years later, after many efforts, his widow induced the Dean of Westminster to allow a bust of her husband to be erected in the Abbey, and a statue



Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

M. W. BALFE, ONLY SON OF THE COMPOSER.



BALFE TABLET IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

stands in the vestibule of Drury Lane. During the last years of her life Madame Balfe stayed with Madame Christine Nilsson, who was the *prima donna* in “*Il Talismano*.” Balfe left one son, named after him, Michael William. He has had a varied career, beginning as an officer in the army; he is now a “plumber, gasfitter, and house decorator” at Notting Hill.

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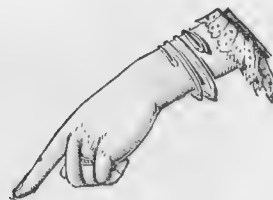
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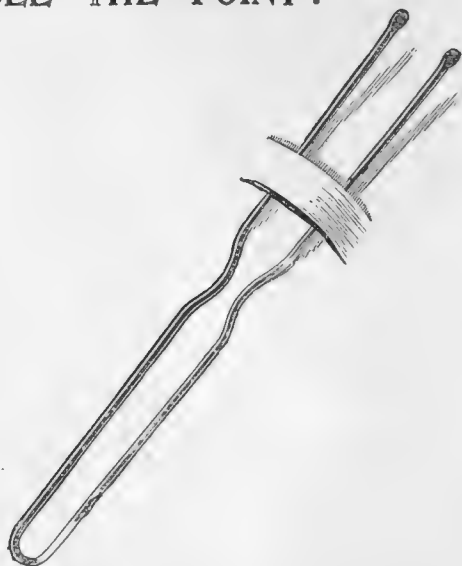
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RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The jumping season will soon be in full swing, and next week a large company is expected to take part in the Sandown Park fixture. In the Grand Annual Hurdle Race, Mr. P'Anson has given us a teasing handicap, and the winner may take some finding, although I like the chance of St. Dunstan on paper. This horse is owned by Mr. Deacon, a City tea broker, who is a real good patron of the Turf. For the Great Sandown Steeplechase thirteen horses have cried content—quite enough from which to attract a good field. In this race the majority of the horses running will be ridden by amateurs, and I have seen many a good prize lost at Sandown through bad riding. If Philosopher stands up he should be returned the winner, as he ran very well at the Liverpool meeting until he slipped up on the flat.

It is to be hoped that no meeting under National Hunt Rules will be allowed to take place when the frost is sufficiently severe to render the going dangerous, as we do not want "avoidable" accidents. Of late years the sport has been fairly free of any serious catastrophe, if we except the accident to Tom Wilson and the loss of an eye by Mr. J. C. Dormer. True, Lord Royston had his nose smashed, but that was from a kick, if I am not mistaken. His Lordship, by-the-bye, is, I believe, attached to the English Embassy at Vienna, but is seldom seen in the saddle nowadays. He is a good rider and a resolute finisher.

Mr. Harry Custance is about to give us a new book, entitled "Riding Recollections and Turf Stories," which will be appreciated by all those who take an interest in racing. Mr. Custance will tell us some hitherto



Photo by Robinson, Regent Street, W.

MR. HARRY CUSTANCE.

unpublished anecdotes referring to a large number of owners, trainers, bookmakers, and breeders of his day, together with many matters of vital interest that happened in the "plunging days." Mr. Custance was born at Peterborough in 1842, and at the age of fourteen he was engaged in a stable at Newmarket for a few months, after which he was with Mr. Ned Smith ("Melish") at South Hatch, Epsom. He rode Rocket in the Cesarewitch of 1858, and Comforter in the City and Suburban of 1860. In the latter year he went to Mr. Matthew Dawson, at Russley, and rode Thormanby a gallant winner in the Derby. He is the only living man who has ridden three Derby winners, as he steered Lord Lyon in 1866 and George Frederick in 1874. Mr. Custance also won the One Thousand Guineas on Achievement and the St. Leger on Lord Lyon. Other good winners ridden by Mr. Custance were Audrey in the Cesarewitch of 1861, Albert Victor in the Ebor Handicap of 1872, and Sterling in the Liverpool Autumn Cup of 1873. His last winning mount was on Lollypop, at Newmarket, in 1879. Mr. Custance is now deputy starter to the Jockey Club and official starter to the Belgian Jockey Club. He resides at Oakham, has hunted a great deal with the Quorn and Cottesmore, and has had some good runs on The Doctor, the old steeplechase horse. Mr. Custance keeps a stud of good hunters, which is proved by his having taken prizes at Islington and the Royal Shows. I need only add that the recollections of such a busy man are bound to be interesting to sportsmen.

I always see Bradford riding either second or third-class on going to or returning from a race meeting. This speaks well for the boy and his father, who evidently are bent on saving as much of the lad's earnings as they can. On the other hand, some of our swagger jockeys try to get a first-class carriage all to themselves, and it is no uncommon thing to see a compartment labelled "Reserved for — and party," the blank referring in some cases to one or other of the "pauper purse-proud" trainers, as it was put to me by an observer of men the other day. The majority of race-goers are complaining of heavy expenses, though it would seem that a deal of the trouble complained about is of their own seeking. A bookmaker told me, a day or two ago, that his expenses came to £70 per week. But he could well afford to stand the racket, and then lay by double the amount each week towards the winter's keep. With the little man of the Turf the case is different, and until he learns to cut his coat according to his cloth he will probably continue to "look as rich as a Jew, while all the time he is actually as poor as a church mouse."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The experiment of cheap magazines is now to have a fair trial in America. Mr. McClure, the enterprising head of the well-known syndicate, led the way by publishing *McClure's Magazine* at fifteen cents. This very spirited experiment bids fair to succeed, as it deserves. The *Cosmopolitan*, a twenty-five cent magazine, lowered its price immediately to twelve cents, with what results I cannot say. Now Mr. Newnes appears on the scene with an American edition of the *Strand*, to which, report says, he will give the title of the *Ten Cent Magazine*. It is now the chance of somebody to come forward with the *Eight Cent Magazine*.

It is long since Mr. Hall Caine has given us an important work. He has been enjoying himself in Greeba Castle, his palatial residence in the Isle of Man. But he has not been losing time, and the result of his work will, I understand, appear in a serial story to be contributed to the *Idler*, which will now try the experiment of publishing a great serial work of fiction.

I learn from Miss Mary E. Wilkins, the popular American authoress, that she has undertaken, and hopes to perform, a large amount of work in the early future. Her new novel is to appear in *Harper's Weekly*.

If Mr. J. M. Barrie's new novel be commenced in *Scribner* for 1894, it will not be till the very end of the year.

It is stated that Mr. T. B. Aldrich, the American poet and novelist, is preparing his autobiography, and it will be found to contain five or six answers to an English letter, none of which was posted. The English letter was from an editor, who asked Mr. Aldrich for a "Sonnet of a page and a-half, *Harper* size," for his magazine.

Mr. Stock promises a volume on London book-hunting, but does not give the name of the writer.

Miss Cholmondely is, to me, a new writer, but I believe "Diana Tempest," just published by Messrs. Bentley, is not her first book. May she go on! The three-volume novel of English society life, that doesn't deal with problems, nor very much with scandal and sensation, but merely with the doings and feelings and amusements, mostly respectable, of well-dressed people, wants strengthening very badly just now, and it looks as if Miss Cholmondely were come to do it that service.

Without attempting to step beyond the limits of the society novel, or trying to paint democratic scenes and characters which she probably knows nothing about, or without advancing theories, she has managed to write a thoroughly modern and interesting novel. She is a keen artist of human failings when the failings spring from shallowness of nature, and "Diana Tempest" contains some admirable portraiture. But a kind of high-minded sentiment is the prevailing tone. Miss Cholmondely writes admirably, and in doing so incurs responsibility. We shall begin to count on her as one of our entertainers.

Perhaps the omission of any statement as to the number of copies issued—a statement made in the former volumes of the *Ex-Libris* series—is the only thing likely to rouse disappointment in buyers of Mr. Roberts's "Printers' Marks" (Bell). To anyone interested in typography and its history the book is full of interest, for Mr. Roberts has filled it with excellent designs, taken mainly from the great ages of printing, though he has not failed to represent the degenerate ages too. The student and collector of *Ex-Libris* will also value Mr. Roberts's selection, the one pursuit bearing, of course, very closely on the other.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. have issued a very fine edition of Esquemeling's "Buccaneers of America." Esquemeling was a buccaneer himself, and came into only too close contact with the notorious Morgan and the other pirate leaders of his day; but the principal feature of his book, apart from the vivid account of his adventures, is the apparent truthfulness of his narrative. He certainly has stripped the buccaneer's trade of its romance, while doing full justice to their marvellous daring and endurance. More terrible pictures of cruelty it would be impossible to find. The book is illustrated by some very fine prints.

The great and deserved success which has attended that clever little book, "Stephen Remarx" (Edward Arnold), has necessitated a shilling edition. The author is the Hon. and Rev. James Adderley, whose knowledge of the East End gives him authority to write on the topics so thoughtfully and brightly treated in "Stephen Remarx."

The note of Mrs. Francis's pleasant volume entitled "In a North Country Village" (Osgood, McIlvaine) is thoroughly natural. Throughout all the sketches there is no straining after effect, but only the piquant portraiture of village worthies. Mrs. Francis presents her readers with figure studies which are palpably drawn from life, each with sympathetic accuracy. Occasionally pathos plays a part—as in the story of Gracie—but more frequently comedy, never melodrama. One of the most satisfactory narratives is about the varying fortunes of "Aunt Jinny," while in the background of the book, as in a picture of a Dutch interior, there loom the kindly figures of the Canon and the Squire.—o. o.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," they say, so, perhaps, that was one reason why I rejoiced exceedingly when, after long and weary search, I at last discovered an ideal evening gown for thin folk, and one



which was yet so beautiful and so absolutely smart that the fortunate possessors of perfect necks and shoulders would be equally glad to wear it.

It had a skirt of cerise-coloured satin, spotted with white, and trimmed with a frill of plain black net, headed by a band of brown Labrador fur. The corselet bodice, which had a waistband of jetted galon, was of black velvet, covered with very handsome écaré lace, and over the sloping puffed sleeves of the satin fell frills of the black net, the shoulder-straps being of the fur. And now we come to the special point of the whole gown: starting from the low, square-cut corsage, and passing to the neckband of jetted galon edged with fur, were full straps of plain black net, placed some distance apart, and allowing glimpses of the neck to be seen between, but such discreet glimpses that, under the softening influence of these transparent bands, even prominent shoulder-blades would lose their angularity and ugliness, and pass unnoticed; while a really beautiful neck and bust would gain additional charm from the fact of being suggested, not revealed.

Don't you want to know where you can see this gown, of which, by-the-way, I have got a sketch for you? Well, then, you must go, as I did, to the charming salons at 19, Conduit Street, W., and make the personal acquaintance of Madame Humble, who, in my opinion, is a veritable genius, for, instead of slavishly copying French models, she originates out of her own fertile brain any number of the most delightful productions, every one of which is, therefore, absolutely unique. Madame Humble's gowns are always specially designed to suit the figure and characteristics of each individual customer, so, if you put yourself in her hands, you may be quite certain that all your good points will be made the most of, and you will never run the risk of seeing someone else in a gown the exact copy of your own on some important occasion, when you fondly hoped to outshine everyone else.

But now I must tell you about some of the other lovely things at which she granted me a peep, and first and foremost must come an exquisite evening gown which had just been completed for a well-known society beauty. It was made of the richest brocade in a quaint old-fashioned design, composed of broad alternate stripes of white and pale blue satin, the former being striped narrowly with blue, and the latter

being sprinkled over with wee pink roses and tender green leaves, the dainty little sprays being tied together by miniature true-lovers' knots. The skirt was absolutely devoid of trimming and perfectly plain, save just at the back of the waist, where there was a small outstanding puffing, or rather pleat, which was a welcome change after the plain flatness to which we have grown so accustomed lately. This same suggestion of puffiness at the back will be a feature, I may tell you, of all the newest and smartest gowns. The bodice was wonderful, and I could only hold my breath and marvel at it, for, sleeves and all, it was absolutely seamless, being made all in one piece in some inexplicable and bewildering manner. It was draped from right to left, and bordered with a narrow edging of fur, which also outlined the V-shaped corsage, while round the waist was a draped band of buttercup-yellow satin ribbon, tying at the side in a bow with long ends, a touch of the same rich colour being introduced in the form of a rosette under the drooping fulness of the sleeves. The daring but beautiful scheme of colouring was completed by clusters and knots of primulas in various shades of cerise, rose-pink, and mauve, and also in white, which extended from the right shoulder to the bow at the left side of the waist, and had for a background the rich darkness of the fur which trimmed the bodice.

Then, if you will look at the sketch of the day gown, that, too, will, I think, meet with your approval. It was made of olive-green hopsack and frisé velvet, and was trimmed with beaver, and an effective appliqué of delicate pink and fawn cloth, beautifully embroidered. The skirt had a narrow kilted flounce at the foot, headed with the appliqué, while round the hips was a band of beaver—a most successful arrangement for slim figures—upon which rested the short, kilted basques. The bodice was in a combination of frisé velvet and hopsack, effectively trimmed with beaver and appliqué, the whole effect of the gown being exceedingly smart.

I fell promptly and madly in love with a perfect gown, which had a full plain skirt of black moiré antique; but in the simplicity of that one plain but exquisitely-hanging skirt there was more art displayed than in ninety-and-nine ordinary trimmed ones. The little zouave bodice of black velvet was edged with jet passementerie, and opened over a vest formed of wide crossed bands of bright cardinal satin ribbon studded with jet sequins, and finished off with three bows, one at the throat, another on the bust, and the third at the waist.

Then I had to divide my admiration with another lovely gown, which, I think, in the end, got the bigger share. This one was of pale tan-coloured crocodile cloth, the skirt, again, being quite plain. There was a zouave bodice of sable, with deep, turned-down collar, continued into full shoulder capes and revers, and made short enough to show the draped waistband of satin, in the new colour, sulphurino (really a brighter, more genuine pink than cerise) which was fastened at the left side in a bow, two ends of which were carried up to the zouave, fastening it together by means of two small brilliant buckles. There was a draped collar of satin, and a jabot of creamy old lace, the same lace being used to form the deep cuffs which finished off the full, drooping sleeves.

That gown was altogether too beautiful to be viewed with equanimity, unless you could immediately order one exactly like it, so I resolutely looked another way, and made a valuable discovery, which I think many of you will appreciate.

I saw a gown with a plain skirt of dark blue peau de soie, the bodice—now mark me well—being made entirely from an old Indian shawl. Does not that open up possibilities hitherto undreamt of? I foresee a regular turning out among the old Paisley and Indian shawls



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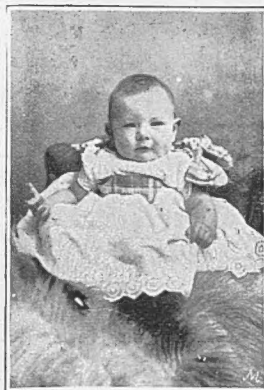
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which have hitherto been put away as hopelessly useless, but if you once saw this gown those erstwhile despised articles would suddenly acquire immense value in your eyes. The shawl bodice, to continue, was made with full pointed basques edged with a band of black satin and jet passementerie, the waist line being outlined by a band of black satin ribbon, tying at the back in a bow. The huge sleeves, puffed to the elbow, and with pleated cuffs, were of black satin, the same material forming the collar, while over a vest of the blue peau de soie fell a jabot of shot mauve crêpe de Chine.

That was a valuable discovery—was it not?—but I have got still one more treasure-trove for you in the shape of an entirely new pelisse, if you can call such an old-fashioned garment new—I think you can; for, verily,

the old order has changed considerably. I never cared much for these increasingly fashionable garments till I saw this one, which is Madame Humble's latest production, and then I straightway vowed allegiance to them in future. It was of broché cloth in perfectly harmonising shades of golden-brown and blue, with touches of mauve introduced. It had a high collar and full pelerine of golden-brown velvet edged with fur, and finishing off in two points crossed at the waist beneath a lovely belt formed of three bands of oxydised copper, silver, and gold, caught together here and there with small jewelled buckles, reproducing in colour the green and heliotrope in the material, and fastening in front with a larger buckle to match. You could not imagine anything more beautiful or in more perfect style, but if you go yourself to 19, Conduit Street you will see dozens of equally charming garments, which inexorable space will not allow me to describe.

As regards Christmas cards, the cry is still they come, and, early as it is,

the wise folk will begin to make their choice almost immediately, while they can have the pick of the very best designs. Most people nowadays use the private greeting cards—which promise to be more fashionable than ever this season—selecting some specially pretty design, and then having the card printed with some seasonable wish and their own name and address. Besides looking well, these cards save an infinity of time and trouble, for you are freed from the necessity of hunting about for specially suitable and different cards for each individual relation and friend, and often being forced, in the end, to put up with something pretty enough in itself, no doubt, but rendered ludicrously unsuitable by the addition of sentimental verses. Let me advise you, therefore, to call, if possible, at Messrs. Parkins and Gotto's British Stationery Warehouse, 54, Oxford Street, W., or, if this is not practicable, to send for samples of their private greeting cards—only, in some way or other, make a point of seeing them soon, for they are really lovely, and if you wait much longer the rush will be so great that you will not stand much chance of getting your order completed in time.

I will just tell you about a few of the most strikingly pretty and original designs, to give you some idea of what you can have if you will. One folded card, with a quaint little lace like border, had the word "Christmas" on a white ground, the letters being formed of forget-me-not flowers and leaves, most ingeniously and artistically arranged. Inside it could be printed in gold with any words of greeting and goodwill which may seem good to you, and, as you can get fifty of these dainty cards all complete for 23s. 6d., or one hundred for two pounds, they certainly cannot be called dear.

Very pretty, too, were some pale mauve cards, scattered over with hyacinth flowers bearing the monogram and address of the sender, while others, in white, bore the legend "Kind Thoughts," and were sprinkled over with tiny pansies, the flowers of remembrance. Lovers of sport will appreciate a "Christmas Greeting," which is headed by a cleverly designed and embossed head and crossed tails of a fox; but, to my thinking, the most delicately beautiful and artistic of all is a folding card with crinkled gold edges, tied together with pale pink silk cord, and ornamented with two raised hand-painted violets in a pale shade of mauve, and the word "Christmas" in a shade of pink matching the cord. Fifty of these cards are well worth twenty-five shillings, and a hundred forty-two shillings.

FLORENCE.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Nov. 25, 1893.

High-class securities like Consols, Colonial Loans, Egyptian Guaranteed Stock, and English railway debentures have all been in steady demand during the week, but such a distrust of ordinary Stock Exchange securities has taken possession of the public mind that there does not seem much prospect at present of any general improvement, despite the absurdly little interest which bank deposits, ground rents, and other, for the moment, favourite methods of investment yield. In addition to the feeling of distrust which, since the Winchester House revelations, seems to gather strength every day, there is the unfavourable fact that all over the country men and women have been impoverished by the frightful losses they have suffered, and, so far from having savings to invest, are, in many cases, sorely pinched by heavy calls. In the Trustees Corporation alone about two thousand persons will have to contribute a million of money within the next few months, while in the Industrial and General Trust about a million and a-half will be written off the capital value of shares held, it is said, by over four thousand persons in all parts of the United Kingdom. We fear it will take many a long year to place the majority of these unfortunate people among the investors again.

Throughout the dreary days of the coal strike small holders have stuck to their railway stock with extraordinary tenacity, and, of course, upon the settlement there was a rebound of a few points in most of the stocks, although holders must make up their minds that in the cases of the lines principally affected the dividends will for this half-year suffer very considerably. We do not think that in this market the "bears," who did not make their fortunes in the darkest days, are likely to do better now that "increases" may be expected to take the place of "decreases" for the rest of the year.

You ask us what dividend the holders of Brighton A stock may expect? Something depends on the month of December, but we think you may put your expectations, dear Sir, at from $5\frac{1}{4}$ to $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Directly and indirectly the line has suffered from the dislocation of business which the coal strike has produced, and we think it by no means an exaggerated estimate to say that, at least, one-half of the net loss during the past months is due to this cause.

Time is, in our opinion, in favour of the holders of Yankee Rails, for the country cannot recover in a day from the disastrous effects of the late crisis. It is the disinclination of the public to buy, or, probably, the inability of those who have the inclination, that makes the future course of prices so uncertain.

There are plenty of good bargains among the gilt-edged bonds to be picked up; but, for the moment, the class of person who will purchase this kind of investment is out of temper with America and the American markets. Surely Baltimore and Ohio South-Western $4\frac{1}{2}$ gold bonds, guaranteed by the Baltimore and Ohio Railway Company, are not dear at 101.

Mr. Van Horne's letter as to the Canadian Pacific position has not done much good; but we believe the prospects of this company are really good, and the shares at $75\frac{3}{4}$ are by no means a bad investment.

The ratification of the Rothschild convention by the Argentine Government is assured—at least, so everybody says—and some of the low-priced stocks, such as the 1889 Sterling External and the 1888 Loan, should be worth picking up, with, in our opinion, more chance of a rise than a considerable fall. Silver securities have improved during the week, especially Mexican bonds, on circumstantial accounts of a new loan in Berlin. That the Mexican Government will strain every nerve to pay its way, we fully believe, and now that the price of silver promises to be a fairly stable quantity, we hope that trade will accommodate itself to the diminished purchasing power of the dollar, and the volume of business increase.

The shareholders of the Chartered Company adopted with enthusiasm the arrangement of the directors to give the United Concessions Company 1,000,000 shares for the half of the profits which, it is alleged, belonged to them under a verbal agreement made before the granting of the charter. In cold blood, many of them will some day wonder at the ease with which they allowed the transaction to be carried out. After all, there is no reason for outsiders to grumble, if the proprietors see no objection to giving such a splendid present to the founders of the undertaking.

We are sorry to hear from your last letter that you are among the victims of the Mutual Trust, dear Sir. We had no idea that you were among the select few who were, as a great favour, admitted into this company. You may, we are told, expect a return of £1 for each £10 share when the liquidation is completed, which will, at least, be something out of the fire. The movement for an inquiry into the gross mismanagement by which the Trustees Corporation has been ruined grows fast, and Mr. Frederick Walker has now received the signed approval of holders of nearly 50,000 shares. We are very glad that you and your friends have joined the movement, and we feel sure that if the meeting which Mr. Walker proposes to call at Cannon Street Hotel, probably on Monday, Dec. 4, elect a strong committee, many who have hitherto held aloof will join hands with their fellow-shareholders in probing the causes of the disaster to the bottom.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

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PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

Mr. Chamberlain is with us again, and every Unionist heart rejoices. No doubt, Mr. Balfour is very good and clever, and all that, but he is not quite so *chic* as "Our Joe." I am not sure, indeed, that the Tories are not beginning to love him almost as much as the Radicals used to do. They were a long time before they quite "cottoned" to this hard-grained commercial man, with his faults of "form" and taste, his over-smart clothes, his manners, either over-brusque or over-silky, his strong temper, and his overbearing will. But all these feelings are over, and to-day Mr. Chamberlain is undoubtedly the favourite Tory leader. So far as sheer debating ability goes, the place is his by right. Mr. Balfour is rather too dreamy and too metaphysical for his position. His tactics, I think, are often good, but they are veiled with a certain languor of presence and slowness of intellectual grip which does not quite do for such a hand-to-mouth assembly as the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain never commits the mistake of cutting too deep, or of looking much beyond the end of that sharp-cocked nose of his. That is exactly what you want in a debater who is to please his own friends.

"IN MY RADICAL DAYS."

To do Mr. Chamberlain justice, he has taken the proper measure of the situation, and has enrolled himself more frankly with the Tories than at any period since the Unionist split began. This declaration of allegiance came about, no doubt, through a slip, but it coincided precisely with the private talk about his own position in which Mr. Chamberlain has been indulging for the last two or three years. Mr. Chamberlain was developing in his own pleasant vein a comparison between the way in which the Liberal party used the ballot when it stood them in good stead, and repudiated it when it did not serve their purpose. "In my Radical days," he began, but was stopped by a roar of laughter at the way in which he had separated himself from the past, which he has so often disclaimed. Mr. Chamberlain saw his slip, and, like the agile man that he is, decided to stand by it. "I was a Radical once, and that not so long ago," he admitted with a smile, which was as good-humoured as the phrase itself was dexterous. In other words, Mr. Chamberlain and Radicalism have parted company for ever. Neither side regrets the leave-taking; neither party is ever likely to desire a reintegration of the old love.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S ATTACK ON EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.

His speech on Employers' Liability was one of those extremely cheeky exhibitions to which Mr. Chamberlain has accustomed the House of Commons. He had not thought it worth while to attend the debates, and he had been amusing himself in America while the House had been threshing out the details of an extremely difficult question, involving all sorts of lawyer's points. Now he came down to the House, fresh from the Atlantic breezes which had put colour into his sallow cheeks, with the cool demand that the third reading of the measure should be stayed till he had delivered himself of a lengthy discourse on the whole question of accidents to workmen. Of course, he did his work very well. If you will take Mr. Chamberlain's point of view, and assume that life is a ledger, and men and women are so many odd and even figures, to be added, subtracted, multiplied, and divided by a strict arithmetical rule, you will think Mr. Chamberlain one of the cleverest men you ever saw or heard. If, on the other hand, you take a rather wider view of life, you will come to the conclusion that he is rather a shallow gentleman after all. His main argument about Employers' Liability was interesting, inasmuch as it showed the really Conservative bent of the speaker's mind. It was curious to hear Mr. Chamberlain spoken of as a bit of a Socialist; in reality, he is one of the greatest individualists in the House. The tone of the speech was, as I say, dexterous and even genial, though underneath there burned that unquenchable hatred of the party which has spoiled Mr. Chamberlain's chance for the Premiership, which is the great motive of his later action. Still, it was very pretty to listen to, very admirable as an example of how to put a case cleverly and forcibly. What a pity Mr. Chamberlain is not a lawyer! He could always beat the man of the long robe at his own game. His faculty for getting up a case, leaving out all the points which tell against him, and driving home the arguments that favour him, is quite unparalleled.

PARISH COUNCILS.

Meanwhile, the Parish Councils Bill flounders heavily and slowly along. Mr. Fowler is not a great Minister, and he has a very trying task before him. The result is that he makes mistakes in tone and tactics which are difficult to avoid, but which, at the same time, damage the prospects of the Bill. He does not know his subject particularly well; he is rather irritable, and he is not a strong man. When he gives way, he gives way too much and too suddenly; when he stands firm, he is a little apt to bluster. One great change which the measure has undergone, for which everybody has reason to be glad, is the partial enfranchisement of women. A woman can now sit on nearly all the local bodies, and if she is a ratepayer she can vote for all of them. Marriage is no disability, provided that the lady whom Mr. Chevalier is in the habit of referring to as the "old Dutch" is on the rate-book. Of course, this is a great change, not so much in actual additions to the Local Government register, but in the vast Imperial question it opens up.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

"The abhorred head of Obstruction rising open and unabashed" is now the Radical "tip" to explain the bad progress in Government business. We hear again outside the House of Tory obstruction; Mr. Bowles and Mr. Bartley and Sir Richard Temple are trotted out again; and inside the House the Irishmen and Radicals do their best to make the noises that are dear to them whenever a rare Unionist member makes a speech. I am, I confess, amused at the cry. I expected it. But, writing with a knowledge of what is actually going on, I regret to be obliged to say that as a matter of fact if there is any "obstruction" just now in Parliament it does not come from the Conservative and Unionist parties at all. Obstruction, however, there certainly is. Mr. Gladstone's "autumn session" looks like lasting into February. But why is it? I need not take any account of Mr. Keir Hardie's motives for the adjournment, or Mr. Labouchere's anxiety about "the most respectable person in South Africa," but need merely point to the way in which the Parish Councils Bill, the uncontentious measure which passed its second reading so easily, has been crowded with amendments in Committee.

THE GOVERNMENT'S PROSPECTS.

Talk of the amendments to the Home Rule Bill! Why, there are nearly as many to this meant-to-be-moderate little measure of Mr. Fowler's. Some fifty or sixty of his own, and two or three hundred from Gladstonian members—that is not bad for those who are telling their opponents that they are the obstructors. And besides the irrelevant Poor Law part, since the Bill went into Committee Mr. Fowler has accepted the Woman's Suffrage amendment, which was never mentioned in the second reading discussion. Well may people ask whether the Government are not "riding for a fall." It looks uncommonly as if Mr. Gladstone was allowing as much Radicalism as possible to be grafted on to this "uncontentious" measure, in order to have at least something "democratic" to show to the electors before he dissolves. For it must be remembered that, supposing the Parish Councils Bill hangs on over January, it will oust all chance of a new legislative programme for the spring. And then, as a dissolution is practically certain for the summer, the Parish Councils Bill and the Employers' Liability Bill—it is doubtful if either will become Acts—will be all he will have to show for his winter's work.

MR. FOWLER'S FAILURE.

Poor Mr. Fowler! His chance of enhancing a once rising reputation is gradually fading away into the obscure. In the latter days of opposition to the Unionist Government Mr. Fowler made himself quite a considerable personage by businesslike speeches on finance, and his party lauded him as one who might be Chancellor of the Exchequer, if only such a financial genius as Sir William Harcourt had not had a prior claim. One looks back at that time—how Mr. Fowler must look back!—with something like dismay. Why, when he was given the Local Government Board, he actually was "cocky" enough to receive without displeasure the commiserations of his friends on only getting one of the £2000 a year offices. Yes, you know, but Mr. Gladstone had coupled it with the assurance that Registration, Parish Councils, One Man One Vote, &c., were going to be so prominent, and he wanted one of his *very best* men at the L.G.B. That was only a year or so ago; and now? Now the Rads brutally tell Mr. Fowler (in print, too; I fear to publish what they say behind his back) that he is weak and stupid, has mismanaged everything, and got them into a hopeless muddle. Poor man! It isn't half his fault. Mr. Fowler is an earnest Nonconformist solicitor, who, if you give him time, can get up a case with ability, and enlarge on it with good feeling, and every desire to be fair and just in his dealings. But that is not what the Rads want, any more than they want Lord Herschell to appoint only such Liberals to the Bench as are in his opinion fit and proper persons. Any person who subscribes to a Liberal party organisation, they declare, is therefore fit and proper, no matter whether he has even been convicted of a criminal offence—poor man, of course he has repented, been reformed, and is all the more qualified to judge others; and so about legislation. Mr. Fowler has no business to be fair; Radical fairness means accepting every Radical speech as inspired and every Tory one as obstruction requiring the gag. And the spectacle of standing up to the snap-shots taken at him, boggling one day and trying hard to dish his conquerors the next, is one which will bring many nightmares to this estimable gentleman when only he gets some repose out of office.

BUSINESS DONE.

Thursday evening saw the third reading of the Employers' Liability Bill, and it now becomes the duty of the Lords to consider it. Mr. Chamberlain's speech was merciless, too merciless, in its logic. It is a pity he cannot get on better terms with his opponents in his speeches, for his way of being down on everybody and everything forces them into further antagonism. But the contracting-out clause will certainly have to be inserted by the Lords. They are quite safe in doing so. The Rads have no possible cry against them. As on Home Rule they stood up for England, so in this case they stand for all the working men who demand freedom of contract and for Mr. McLaren and all those other Liberals who proposed and voted for the clause in the Commons. It can hardly be made an accusation against Lord Salisbury that he supports a Liberal amendment, and Mr. Asquith's slender majority of eighteen on the defeat of the clause was made up partly by Conservatives, so that it is not really a party matter at all.